

FIFTY CENTS *

SEPTEMBER 12, 1969

NEW ERA IN NORTH VIET NAM

TIME

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The
house-hunting
season opens
September 10.

(Take along this professional guide.)





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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, September 10

MARCUS WELBY, M.D. (ABC, 9-11 p.m.).* Robert Young stars as the dedicated family physician and James Brolin is his assistant in this movie (which becomes a series this fall). Guest stars include Anne Baxter, Susan Strasberg and Lew Ayres.

MONSANTO NIGHT PRESENTS LENA HORNE (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Lena makes music with David (The Fugitive) Janssen, Singer O. C. Smith and Hungarian Folk Guitarist Gabor Szabo.

Thursday, September 11

NET PLAYHOUSE (NET, 8-9:30 p.m.). Lou Gilbert is a gentle rhapsodist on the Manhattan waterfront whose attempt to help a girl leads to his own destruction in *Across the River, Repeat*.

PRUDENTIAL'S ON STAGE (NBC, 8:30-10 p.m.). Sean Connery, Michael Caine, Paul Scofield, Anna Calder-Marshall and Sir Laurence Olivier star in the Emmy-winning "Male of the Species." Repeat.

Friday, September 12

WHO KILLED LAKE ERIE? (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Civilization.

N.C.A.A. CENTENNIAL (ABC, 8-9 p.m.). Film clips of famous plays and players highlight this commemoration of the 100th anniversary of college football in the U.S.

Saturday, September 13

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 8:30-11:15 p.m.). Gregory Peck in his Oscar-winning performance as the small-town Southern lawyer who defends a young black (Brock Peters) on a rape charge in *To Kill a Mockingbird* (1963).

N.C.A.A. FOOTBALL (ABC, 9:30 p.m.-12:30 a.m.). The Air Force Academy v. Southern Methodist University at Dallas.

Sunday, September 14

AMERICAN FOOTBALL LEAGUE DOUBLE HEADER (NBC, 1:30 p.m. to conclusion). The New York Jets—Buffalo Bills game from Buffalo is followed by a regional game. Check local listings for your area.

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERT WITH LEONARD BERNSTEIN (CBS, 4:30-5:30 p.m.). Two Ballet Birds are the musical scores of *Swan Lake* by Tchaikovsky and excerpts from *The Firebird Suite* by Stravinsky.

ARCHIE AND HIS NEW PAL (CBS, 7:30-8 p.m.). Archie, Reggie, Jughead, Veronica, Big Moose and a new character, Sabrina, the Teen-age Witch, come to animated life from the pages of the comics.

DANNY THOMAS SPECIAL (CBS, 8-9 p.m.). "Make Room for Granddaddy" is a reunion of the cast that made scratch for Danny for eleven seasons on the old Danny Thomas show.

THE BILL COSBY SHOW (NBC, 8:30-9 p.m.). Bill stars as a high-school physical-education teacher, Chet Kincaid, who is constantly getting involved with other people's lives. This week it is a garage mechanic's marital problems. Premiere.

SUNDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9-11 p.m.). *The Endless Summer* (1966) is the tale of two California surfers and their travels in search of the perfect wave.

N.F.L. PRE-SEASON GAME (CBS, 9 p.m. to

conclusion). The Baltimore Colts v. the Dallas Cowboys from the Cotton Bowl in Dallas.

THE BOLD ONES (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A new series of dramas about doctors, lawyers and law-enforcement officials, featuring three different casts. E. G. Marshall, John Saxon and David Hartman star as the modern medicine men in "To Save a Life." Premiere.

Monday, September 15

MY WORLD AND WELCOME TO IT (NBC, 7:30-8 p.m.). William Windom (John Monro) is a cartoonist-writer in this comedy series based on the work of Humorist James Thurber. Joan Hotchkiss is his wife and Lisa Gerritsen is their daughter. Premiere.

NET JOURNAL (NET, 9-10 p.m.). "Still a Brother: Inside the Negro Middle Class" is a study of the middle-class Negro's conflict between his new status and his sympathy with the black movement. Repeat.

PRO FOOTBALL—BIG GAME AMERICA (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Burt Lancaster narrates this salute to the 50th anniversary of pro football.

Tuesday, September 16

THE DEBBIE REYNOLDS SHOW (NBC, 8-8:30 p.m.). Debbie plays a housewife named Debbie Thompson who sets out to prove to her husband (Don Chastain) that she should be hired as a reporter on his newspaper. Premiere.

THE FOLK GOSPEL MUSIC FESTIVAL (ABC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). A contemporary gospel music special featuring Mahalia Jackson, the Staple Singers, Clara Walker and the Gospel Redeemers.

CINEMA

AUCE'S RESTAURANT. Director Arthur Penn (*Bonnie and Clyde*) has transformed Arthur Guthrie's rambling, hilarious talking-blues record of a couple of seasons back into a melancholy epitaph for an entire era. With its combination of wild humor and lingering sadness, *Restaurant* is one of the most perceptive films about young people ever made in this country.

MEDIUM COOL is dynamite. A loose narrative about a TV cameraman during last summer's Chicago convention, *Cool* is the most impassioned and impressive film so far this year. Haskell Wexler makes a dazzling directorial debut by fusing dramatic and documentary footage into a vivid portrait of a nation in conflict.

STAIRCASE. Rex Harrison and Richard Burton portray two bickering homosexuals struggling to stave off old age and loneliness in this unobtrusive film that never yields to the temptation to play its two deviant characters for laughs.

THE WILD BUNCH. There's a lot of blood in this raucous, magnificent western directed by Sam Peckinpah, and a good deal of hard-edged poetry as well. The plot—about a bunch of freebooters on the Texican-Mexico border at the turn of the century, the actors are faultless to a man, and the film itself is one of the best of the year.

MARRY ME, MARRY ME. Courtship, love and marriage in a community of French Jews are the subjects of this wistful film directed by Claude Berri (*The Two of Us*).

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY. Man's first step on the moon lends new immediacy to Stanley Kubrick's epic film about a voyage to

Jupiter that assumes awesome metaphysical consequences. Kubrick is one of the best American film makers, and 2001 may be his masterpiece.

RUN WILD, RUN FREE. Parents who think that most matinee movies more often seem to be made by children than for them will be pleasantly surprised by this subtle, low-keyed allegory of childhood's end about an autistic English boy (Mark Lester) and an almost magical white colt.

EASY RIDER. A hippie voyage of discovery featuring Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper (who also directed) bombing cross-country on their cycles looking for the meaning of it all. The self-pity gets pretty thick at times, but there are some good vignettes of rural America and a supporting performance by Jack Nicholson that is worth the price of admission.

TRUE GRIT. John Wayne has his finest hour in this cornball western comedy. His genial, self-satirizing performance as an aging lawman proves that his nickname, Duke, has seldom been more apt.

MIDNIGHT COWBOY. A slick package about being lonely and loveless in New York is directed by John Schlesinger in fashion-magazine style, but the acting of Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight gives the film a sense of poignancy and reality.

LAUGHTER IN THE DARK. Tony Richardson does his best film making since *The Entertainer* in this smooth and savage adaptation of Vladimir Nabokov's novel about the hopeless love of a blind English aristocrat (Nicol Williamson) for a brazen movie usherette (Anna Karina).

POPE! The plight of the poor is told with humor and bite in this surprisingly successful comedy. Alan Arkin is magnificent as a Puerto Rican widower with three jobs struggling to get his children out of a New York ghetto.

THE DEVIL BY THE TAIL. Another droll essay by Philippe de Broca on the intricacies of love, starring Yves Montand at his sardonic best.

BOOKS

Best Reading

DONA FLORE AND HER TWO HUSBANDS, by Jorge Amado. A leisurely, sensuous tale of a virtuous lady and her conjugal riles—as vivid and bawdy as Boccaccio.

FLASHMAN: FROM THE FLASHMAN PAPERS 1839-1842, edited and arranged by George MacDonald Fraser. But don't believe it for a minute. Though it has fooled several able scholars, *Flashman* is actually an agreeable fictional takeoff on assorted British tales of derring-do in the days of the Empire.

MILE HIGH, by Richard Condon. The au-

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American Tourister

thor's mania for mania is still evident. But this flawed novel about a man who is vented, and then profited from, Prohibition eventually settles into unpalatable allegory.

SHAW, AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY (1856-1898), selected by Stanley Weintraub. Shaw never wrote one. But this paste-and-scissors portrait fashioned from fragments of the great man's work serves its purpose well enough.

COLLECTED ESSAYS, by Graham Greene. In retrospective notes and criticism, the prolific novelist provocatively drives home the same obsessive point: "Human nature is not black and white but black and grey."

PAIRING OFF, by Julian Muynahan. The book masquerades as a novel but is more like having a nonstop *non sequitur* Irish storyteller around, which may on occasion be more welcome than well-made fiction.

SIAM MIAMI, by Morris Renek. The trials of a pretty pop singer who tries to sell herself and save herself at the same time. Astonishingly, she manages both.

THE END OF LIBERALISM, by Theodore J. Lowi. Much liberal policy but little liberalizing practice has characterized the U.S. Government for more than 40 years, says this University of Chicago professor, who argues for a dumping of pragmatism and political pluralism in favor of tough, well-planned and well-enforced government standards.

MYSTERIES OF EASTER ISLAND, by Francis Maziere. The brooding huge monoliths of Easter Island, 2,000 miles off the coast of Chile in the Pacific, have held an abiding fascination for generations of archaeologists. Maziere has new theories about

the men who produced them and why, though the impact of his research is somewhat blunted by the fact that boulder-size chunks were lifted from previous work by an obscure Capuchin priest named Father Sebastian Englert.

THE YEAR OF THE WHALE, by Victor B. Scheffer. The most awesome of mammals has been left alone by literary men almost since *Moby Dick*. Now Dr. Scheffer, a scientist working for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, writes of the whale's life cycle with a mixture of fact and feeling that evokes Melville's memory.

MEMOIRS OF A REVOLUTIONIST, by Peter Kropotkin. The absorbing autobiography of a 19th-century Russian prince-turned-anarchist who paid for his ideals in stretches of penury and imprisonment.

H. G. WELLS: HIS TURBULENT LIFE AND TIMES, by Lovat Dickson. Wells sold the masses on the future and the utopia that science would bring, but Dickson shows that inside the complacent optimist a pessimist was signaling wildly to get out.

THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT 1968, by Theodore H. White. Whether following the poetic figure of Eugene McCarthy into the night or documenting Richard Nixon's electronic conquest of the nation, White is just as diligent as he was in his accounts of the two previous presidential races. However, his protagonist lacks the kind of flamboyance that fires up White's romantic mind, and as a result, a gray pall hangs over much of the book.

ISAAC BABEL: YOU MUST KNOW EVERYTHING, edited by Nathalie Babel. Newly translated short stories, abrupt prose exercises and journalistic sketches show the

individuality that was both Babel's genius and his death warrant.

THE FOUR-GATED CITY, by Doris Lessing. In the final novel of her *Children of Violence* series, the author takes Heroine Martha Quest from World War II to the present. Then the meticulous, disturbing book proceeds into the future to demonstrate the author's extrasensory conviction that global disaster is at hand.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Godfather, Puzos (2 last week)
2. The Love Machine, Susann (1)
3. Porino's Complaint, Ruth (3)
4. The Andromeda Strain, Crichton (4)
5. The Pretenders, Davis (5)
6. Ada, Nabokov (6)
7. Naked Came the Stranger, Ashe (7)
8. Except for Me and Thee, West (10)
9. The Goodbye Look, Macdonald (8)
10. The Death Committee, Gordon

NONFICTION

1. The Peter Principle, Peter and Hull (1)
2. The Kingdom and the Power, Fulse (2)
3. The Making of the President '68, White (3)
4. Jennie, Martin (5)
5. Between Parent and Teenager, Ginnott (4)
6. An Unfinished Woman, Hellman (6)
7. Miss Craig's 21-Day Shape-Up Program for Men and Women, Craig (8)
8. The Money Game, 'Adam Smith' (10)
9. Ernest Hemingway, Baker (7)
10. My Turn at Bat, Williams

LETTERS

Turning On or Dropping Out

Sir: Congratulations! Your article, "The Message of History's Biggest Happening" [Aug. 29], does a superb job of furthering the moral decay of this nation. The photograph, "Boys and Girls Relate in a Near-by River," was just a little too much for my 31-year-old "traditional values." When I was their age, we "related" with our clothes on.

If this is truly, as you say, "what's happening," then I'm dropping out.

MRS. A. ANDERSON HUBER

Atlanta

Sir: It was so encouraging to read something favorable regarding the much-talked-about younger generation—how they can behave and take care of themselves when left to do so!

As a parent of a long-haired boy (and a long-haired daughter) who still has faith in them and their ideals, I was most pleased and grateful for this fair coverage.

MRS. T. S. WOODS

Redondo Beach, Calif.

Sir: I was there, and I'm proud of it. For three days I looked around at the generation that I am part of. This group of strangers sat, listened, talked and related, but related completely without violence. Everyone did "their own thing," without causing a ruckus. We proved that under difficult circumstances we don't need to fight to rid ourselves of aggressive feelings; no, instead we try to enjoy life through music and each other. My peers are indeed beautiful people.

CAREN SLOBODKIN

Brookline, Mass.

Sir: They're gonna build, no matter how they destroy. They're gonna teach love, no matter who they hurt. They're gonna be useful by being useless. They're showing commitment by not being committed. They're gonna lead a new social order without a leader. They're gonna reject materialism, no matter how much they have to sponge off the parents. They're showing a new morality, no matter how immoral they have to be to prove it. They're going to scrub the world down, no matter how batshit they are.

They are going to show a new purpose by having no purpose. They're gonna create a new system of non-system. They want to create new rules of no rules. They don't understand their parents' misunderstanding. They reject technology by using the microphone, the car, the radio,

maps, electricity, medicines, drugs, booze and prepared foods. They want to be non-productive on someone's production. Now I understand why I don't understand.

DR. LOUIS GARRETT

Canton, Ohio

For the Record

Sir: Your story, "The Dilemmas of Power" [Aug. 29], contains a garbled paragraph that is misleading and embarrassing to me and my company. Observations about the alleged harmful effects of fossil-fuel burning on public health appear to be erroneously attributed to me. You should correct the record.

ROBERT H. GERDES

Chairman, Executive Committee
Pacific Gas and Electric Co.
San Francisco

► *TIME* regrets that, due to a production error, an entire quote from Mr. Gerdes was dropped. He said: "There has got to be some sympathetic attitude by the public toward the problems that we are facing, if it wants to have enough power to keep the air conditioning going."

The observations that followed this remark were *TIME*'s, not Mr. Gerdes'.

Menace of the Machines

Sir: Frankly, your article "Bathtub on Wheels" [Aug. 22] depressed me greatly. There seems to be an ever-growing group of American young men who simply regard our remaining wildlands as obstacle courses for their machines. Anyone hoping to escape the filth and din of cities for the quiet beauty of our woods, mountains or deserts is in for a rude shock. He is greeted by the rattling snarl of trail bikes, dune buggies and the like.

Hundreds of rugged American "sportsmen" are blazing a trail of gouged hillsides, crushed and broken vegetation, and discarded beer cans. As with racing cars and dragsters, I would like to see certain less aesthetic areas set aside for the exclusive use of such machinery. The remaining wildlands should be closed to such off-the-road vehicles before what is left of their solitude, scenic beauty and scientific value is forever lost.

TIMOTHY W. BROWN

Los Angeles

O Happy Day

Sir: Although you quoted me quite accurately as calling Judge Haynsworth a "mediocre slob" [Aug. 29], you did not

add, as I did, that his appointment to the Supreme Court, in preference to such as Professor Freund or Judge Friendly, pleased me no end because Haynsworth, as a not quite bright conservative will have little or no influence on the court or the law, save with his own vote.

FRED RODELL

Professor of Law

Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

Sir: Allow a word from one who served on a faculty committee that recommended him for an honorary degree from his alma mater Furman University.

You quoted Professor Fred Rodell (whoever he is) of the Yale Law School as referring to Haynsworth as a "mediocre slob." May I ask that if you insist on quoting from representatives of such institutions you request them to do a little upgrading of their faculties? There are many of us who are not always impressed or intimidated by the Ivy League, and we still appreciate gentlemen who have differing points of view. It doesn't take much sense to see that the "mediocre slob" statement is much more a reflection upon the one who said it than upon Judge Haynsworth.

JOE M. KING

Professor of Religion

Furman University
Greenville, S.C.

More by Less

Sir: In paying tribute to Mies van der Rohe [Aug. 29], you managed to list his achievements yet retain the spirit of his modesty. You said more by saying less. I'm sure he would have appreciated it.

ALBERT CHRIST-JANER

Pratt Institute
New York City

Anti-Knock Additive

Sir: As president of the National Automobile Dealers Association, I am compelled to protest the article entitled "Autos—Bargain Season" [Aug. 22]. Your reporter has indicted an industry vital to the economic well-being of this country with false and misleading statements that have discredited the vast majority of dealers who are quality merchants and community-minded citizens.

I know of no case in which a factory grants its dealers rebates in excess of \$200 per car during the fall cleanup sales campaign. In my make, Chevrolet, we are to receive \$50 per car only after we have achieved 25% of our sales objective for the cleanup. To receive the maximum rebate of \$150, we would have to attain 75% of our sales objective. Nor are the rebates retroactive. It should also be noted that traditionally the rebate is passed on to the customer via a price reduction on the car.

Nor, in all my life, have I ever heard of a 5¢ rebate from the manufacturer for every mile registered on the odometer of a dealer's demonstration car.

Many automobile owners have had a go at selling their used cars. And usually one experience has been sufficient: they realized it wasn't worth the time involved, the effort or the expense. No other industry preserves and protects the price of its used product anywhere near so well as the automobile industry.

LYMAN W. SLACK

Washington, D.C.

► *TIME* did not intend to indict auto dealers in general, and regrets having given

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the impression that the industry grants such large rebates.

Lighting the Mite

Sir: It's a shame that you told us that half the population is afflicted with hair follicle parasites (Aug. 29). Just imagine what this will do to the Madison Avenue ad alley boys. Already, I'll bet they are lying awake nights, fondling their infected eyelashes and trying to create a nice catchy name for a new frailty to be exploited whenever a giant advertiser comes up with an alleged remedy. Oh, well—halitosis, b.o., iron-poor blood, nagging backache and some others were becoming a bit shopworn anyway.

HAROLD LEE

Ocean City, N.J.

Sir: I'm not going to have little mites running all over my face. I'm going to sleep with the light on.

CECY WILSON

St. Louis

One More Time

Sir: In your amusing description (Aug. 22) of William F. Buckley's feud with me, you give the impression that *Esquire* simply opened its pages to us so that we might continue our Chicago act. This is not the case. Mr. Buckley went to *Esquire* with a 54-page attack on me and asked them if they would publish it. They said they would, but only if I replied. Mr. Buckley agreed, slyly stipulating that the two pieces *not* be in the same issue. Reluctantly, I answered him. Not happy with my piece, he then brought suit against me, then *Esquire*, for having continued a tiresome exchange which he—not I—not *Esquire*—had reopened. Personally, I am gripped by the whole affair, having always regarded Bill not only as a wonderful human being but as a great American.

GORE VIDAL

Klosters, Switzerland

Sir: I do not mean to reproach you, or even to give you the impression that I think you'd care if I did. But I do believe that the writer of the story on Vidal and me turned in a remarkable performance. "When they fence on television or in type, bitchiness erodes their polish and learned discourse dissolves into tantrums." The man who wrote that sentence doesn't know the difference between a tantrum and a psalm. The writer then goes on to stick into my mouth an unpleasant sentence I never wrote (the author of this sentence is clearly designated in my piece as the *Times Literary Supplement*). But the extraordinary achievement was to quote Vidal's charges against me, in particular that my views are those of the founders of the Third Reich, which, were it so, would, among other things, impeach the professional resources of *TIME* magazine for not having discovered this signal piece of intelligence in the course of preparing a cover story on me. I write to you because I care what you believe, and because, in the same issue of *TIME* magazine, you exhort all of America to indignation. I don't see a better provocation to indignation than Vidal, and it surprises me—hell, it pains me—that your writer should, after acknowledging that the low blows were Vidal's, repeat them matter-of-factly.

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

New York City

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

September 12, 1969 Vol. 94, No. 11

THE NATION

BUILD, BABY, BUILD: WHY THE SUMMER WAS QUIET

In the hot Paris summer of 1794, the fall of Robespierre signaled the end of the Reign of Terror and opened a fresh era of calm and consolidation. It was the year II in the new French revolutionary calendar, and the month was named Thermidor. In his classic analysis, The Anatomy of Revolution, the late Harvard historian Crane Brunton called Thermidor "a convalescence from the fever of revolution."

THE American racial revolt of the 1960s has in no sense been a full-scale upheaval like the French Revolution. Yet it can be said that in the relatively cool American summer of 1969, a Thermidor convalescence from the long fever of racial tumult seems to be under way. There has been no wholesale rioting in the black ghettos of the U.S. since the assassination of Martin Luther King Jr. in April 1968. By a Department of Justice count, the number of racial disturbances of all sizes has fallen off sharply in 1969 from the two previous summers (see chart, next page). The 1965 holocaust of Watts left 34 dead and \$40 million in property damage; 43 died in the Detroit riots of 1967 and damage there was also \$40 million. This summer's biggest outbreak was a three-night June melee without fatalities in Omaha that destroyed \$750,000 worth of property.

There were disturbing 1 a.m. Day incidents last week in Hartford, Conn., Camden, N.J., and Fort Lauderdale, Fla. In the present calm context, they seem somehow atavistic—only smaller recurrences in lesser cities of the convulsions that racked major metropolises much earlier. The whites and blacks of minor urban centers are still learning the lessons that have brought a hopeful Thermidor transformation to cities already tempered in destructive flames. For New York, Newark, Chicago, Los Angeles, Cleveland and Detroit, it was the fire last time—and those cities may have profited from the experience.

Temporary Immunization. It is perhaps only coincidence that none of the cities inoculated by major riot have yet suffered a second big outbreak; in the curious chemistry of violence, they seem to have achieved at least a temporary kind of immunization. No one pretends that the problems of the nation's blacks have been solved, and no one yet dares predict what may come after the Ther-

midor pause is over.* But governments and ghettos alike have become more sophisticated and skillful at handling their common difficulties. Expressing a widespread view, Jack Meltzer, director of the University of Chicago Center for Urban Studies, observes: "The black

community realizes that riots hurt them more than help them."

There are good reasons for guarded hope. Many new elements, some constructive, some negative, explain the relative quiescence of the black ghetto this summer. Among them:

* In France, the Thermidorian period ended with the establishment of the five-man Directory late in 1795, after the suppression of a public revolt by a young Corsican officer named Napoleon Bonaparte. Napoleon himself seized power in a 1799 coup d'état.

• A NEW SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY has emerged within the black community. The big outbursts starting with Harlem, 1964, were riots of rising expectations, of frenzy at the gap between



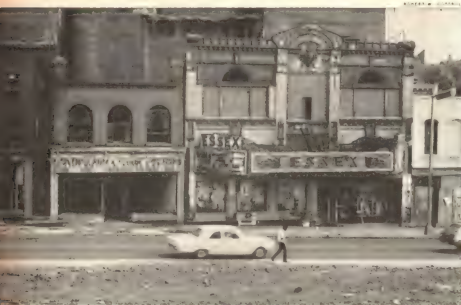
KANSAS CITY PANTHER SERVING BREAKFAST



WATTS AUDIENCE AT FESTIVAL CONCERT



NEW GHETTO PARK IN WASHINGTON



NEWARK GHETTO TWO YEARS AFTER
Thermidor convalescence after the long fever.

reality and the promise of the Civil Rights Acts. The riots showed blacks they were not impotent, but also that their best hopes resided in themselves, not in the white man's City Hall or in Washington. Explains Junius Williams, 25, black founder of the Newark Area Planning Association: "The rebellion kicked off something in a lot of people's minds. We've got power, they said, and let's do something about it." The cry shifted from "Burn, baby, burn!" to "Build, baby, build!"

The building has begun. There is a visible push for more education: more blacks than ever before are now in college, and more than 60% of male black students now finish high school. Around the land, Black Panthers have started ghetto clinics and breakfast and lunch programs for schoolchildren—not without criticism from more moderate blacks. Professor Barbara Solomon of the University of Southern California denounces the Panthers' Los Angeles Freedom School as "brainwashing children to hate the white man."

A New Orleans militant group called Thugs United has won financial aid from the city's staid Chamber of Commerce for black self-help programs. Milwaukee has a "Summerfest" of rock festivals and fashion shows. In Cincinnati, Richard Bedgood's black Checkmates group organized a series of summer leisure programs in the ghetto. Says Bedgood: "Everyone was real happy. Like man, they brought jazz groups in, they brought the symphony in, we had plays, we had rock groups. Practically every night they had something going. There was just no time to riot." Leon Atehison, assistant to Detroit's able black Representative John Conyers Jr., calls these bootstrap efforts "sort of a Reconstruction revisited." He adds: "After the violence of 1967, it became ap-

parent to blacks that war and confrontation in the streets was not the answer. It's a no-win deal."

• **JOBS AND POLITICAL POWER** have become the goal. "There is a more serious concentration now on the hard issues of economics and politics," says Vernon Jordan, director of the Southern Regional Council's Voter Education Project. Jordan finds it hopeful that blacks have elected mayors in Fayette, Miss., and Chapel Hill, N.C., and the sheriff of Macon County, Ala. Those successes are partly counterbalanced by such setbacks as the defeat of black Councilman Tom Bradley in the Los Angeles mayoral race and the landslide election of a tough law-enforcement mayor in Minneapolis.

What happens to New York's liberal Mayor John Lindsay in November, says Jordan, will be a weathervane for blacks. If he loses to Democrat Mario Proacciano, a hard-line candidate, black hopes for political participation will sag. Blacks in Newark plan to run a candidate for mayor next year against big odds. The election of right-wing white Anthony Imperiale would be a traumatic setback. Blacks are fielding Richard Austin for mayor this year in Detroit, where almost 40% of the registered voters are black. In Atlanta, nine blacks are running for alderman and at least three will probably be elected.

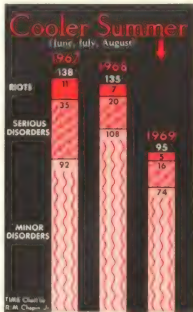
Milwaukee's militant Father James Groppi finds that "the black community has become a lot more sophisticated." One sign of that is a zeroing in on more jobs for blacks. Industry in Cincinnati has provided 1,800 places for the hard-core unemployed in the past 15 months—a stabilizing influence. William Chenault, a black city councilman, explains: "You give a guy who shrieks he needs a job some training, and he

has less time to shriek. With a job, maybe he won't want to." Says Kansas City Councilman Earl Thomas, a black: "Government has provided a lot of words but little action. The confrontation will shift to the labor unions and industry too. That's where the power lies."

The construction industry has become a new, national target for blacks, because building-trade unions are notorious for keeping black membership to a token minimum; blacks hold only 2% of the nation's 800,000 high-paying skilled construction jobs. Last week Negro demonstrators in Pittsburgh forced the city's construction unions into negotiations presided over by a local judge and aided by state mediators. In Chicago, in mid-July, blacks closed down nearly \$100-million worth of new construction on the South and West Side; an injunction ended the demonstrations after a month, but the blacks won the right to negotiate with the city's Building Trades Union Council.

Last week the N.A.A.C.P. filed suits in Buffalo and Chicago demanding a halt in Government building programs until blacks get a fair share of jobs, and asked the Department of Housing and Urban Development to stop the Model Cities program in Charlotte, N.C., until the city comes up with a plan giving blacks more of the work. Pending the outcome of negotiations, blacks are preparing demonstrations against the construction unions in New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Milwaukee and St. Louis. Some white union members find these tactics irritating, but the blacks are simply using traditional and legal means to make their point and speed their climb up the economic ladder.

• **MONEY** has helped too, flooding into the ghetto through both federal aid programs and private business. Though poverty-program appropriations have been



shrinking. Government manpower training is on the rise, funding of Model Cities is getting under way, and the Small Business Administration tripled its loans to black businessmen in 1968. Many militants have been drawn onto the payrolls of local government. Besides governmental efforts, of course, many of the nation's biggest corporations are continuing and expanding their programs for hiring and training the hard-core unemployed. In Houston, 27 banks have lent \$800,000 to 60 black businessmen and pledged \$6.6 million more. "The total community," says the city's Business Resource Center director, Val McCoy, "is concerned with giving minorities a piece of the action." However, President Nixon's promised federal support for black capitalism has not materialized, and the movement is still in its infancy.

• **WHITE ATTITUDES** toward the problems of the ghetto are becoming notably better informed in the larger cities. New York's Mayor Lindsay has wisely forborne forcing the issue with protesters harmlessly occupying a state building site in Harlem. Blacks give the mayor credit for New York's relative racial calm since 1964. Says Harlem's Episcopal Father Trevor Bentley: "The so-called white backlash is beginning to dissipate now. There is beginning to be a little more understanding." Many of the South's old-style red-neck policemen have been quietly retired or transferred from ghetto duty. Says Florida's Dade County Sheriff Wilson Purdy: "The root causes have not been solved, but I think the colored community and the police family have a better understanding and better dialogue than a year ago." Los Angeles cops in Watts this summer had orders: "You smile, no matter what."

Consider the remarkable case of John Rockel, 25, a patrolman who made 65 arrests during Cincinnati's June 1967 riots—20 of them in one swoop—and found himself the black community's most hated cop. Since then Rockel has studied black history at the University of Cincinnati and now works in the police community-relations division; today the city's blacks point to him as a paragon of maturity and judgment. "We have learned by our mistakes," Rockel admits. Police restraint and widespread effective use of police community-relations programs recommended by the Kerner Commission report on racial violence have done much to cool the ghetto to scene. So much so, in fact, that Assistant HEW Secretary James Farmer, himself a veteran black militant, attributes last week's outbreaks in part to a possible lapse in police diplomacy. "The police have figured that the heat is off and they can go back to business as usual," says Farmer.

• **FEAR AND FRAGMENTATION** have also worked to keep the ghettos quiet, even though police behavior has generally improved. The example of Chicago's police during the 1968 Dem-



HARTFORD GANG SETS CAR ABLAZE
Many more are reaching out for newer and less violent tools.

ocratic Convention gave blacks pause. What, many asked themselves, if that fury were directed at us? Many Detroit blacks believe that there are white men in the city who would happily let the ghetto if another uprising occurred. If they have learned how to smile, big city police are also better armed and equipped, and better trained now in the tactics of dealing with racial danger quickly and massively. Calling in the National Guard, once in effect an admission that a situation was getting out of control, is now early routine in almost any sizable disturbance. "Black people are painfully aware that they are a minority in this country," says Ben Holman, black director of the Justice Department's Community Relations Service. "They don't want to commit suicide."

Rock or Rifle. Added to that fear is disunity among black militants: the Panthers have engaged in bitter battle with Ron Karenga's US, a rival organization. What is more, white liberals are disaffected by the riots and by the increasing radicalization of black leadership. White radicals still in the Black Power movement are trying to regain a voice in its leadership. "Things are becoming localized and fragmented," says Los Angeles' R. C. Robinson, black president of the NARTRANS, a subsidiary of the giant North American Rockwell aerospace conglomerate. "We lack a national figure like Stokely Carmichael." Rap Brown is in jail, Eldridge Cleaver is in exile and Malcolm X is dead. The absence of national leadership has its positive side, however, for the vacuum has encouraged the growth of local strength and initiative.

Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Nixon's urban affairs adviser, believes that possibly the high point of violence has already been reached. "I would think

we have passed that," he said last week. If he is right—and events going back through this summer to the Martin Luther King riots of 1968 indicate that he might be—it is an extraordinary and unexpected evolution within the black revolution. In the worst hours of the most reckless rioting, many white Americans feared that the fire next time would strike where the white man lives and works. This ugly vision of race war on the white man's doorstep led bridge-playing suburban housewives to sign up for marksmanship practice. It was a vision amply fueled by the unbridled rhetoric of black militants, but it has not come to pass.

What seems to be happening is that, more and more, the American black is reaching out for new and less violent tools to achieve his aims. This does not mean that a restless teen-ager with rock or rifle or a tactless and brutal policeman cannot still ignite a mob in any ghetto. But rioting is no longer the black community's instant, reflex response. Through a new alchemy of awareness, the word has passed on what Malcolm X called "the wire," the black grapevine: "Cool it." The internal sanctions of the ghetto now work against spontaneous combustion.

If the new black pride, and the efforts it has inspired, should be ultimately thwarted, the present mood could suddenly change, and all the old bitterness and violence could come back redoubled by a new sense of failure. If whites in industry, in labor unions, in government, indeed everywhere, decided that the relative calm in the ghetto meant that they could relax rather than press ahead with fresh help, welcoming the blacks into all parts of American society, then the result could be racial chaos far worse than any the U.S. has yet known.

RANSOM FOR A U.S. AMBASSADOR

An ambassador of the United States is worth a great deal

WITH that chilling calculation, spelled out in a note left in U.S. Ambassador C. Burke Elbrick's Cadillac in Rio, a group of Brazilian terrorists last week launched a fantastic—and successful—caper worthy of *Mission Impossible*. Expanding on a terror technique already familiar in Latin America, leftists kidnaped the U.S. diplomat, blackmailed South America's most powerful government, sprang a randy group of political prisoners from jail and got them to sanctuary in another country—on a Brazilian military plane.

The abductors' note was signed by

shackle *lavelas*. After the murder of U.S. Ambassador John Gordon Mein in a kidnap attempt in Guatemala a year ago, Elbrick's predecessor, John Futhill, kept a bodyguard and frequently changed cars and routes for the trip between the downtown Rio embassy and residence in Rio's Botafogo district. Elbrick scorned security recommendations, and two weeks ago dismissed his Brazilian guard detachment.

Elbrick's kidnapers had been waiting for him at a street corner near his residence for more than five hours, lounging about so carelessly that a neighbor reported them as suspicious to the police—who did nothing. Shortly after lunch, Elbrick left for the embassy. He never ar-

from flaming leftists to moderate activists, they were a motley group whose common characteristic seemed to be that their release would be especially grating to the military. They included Ricardo Zaratini, a Communist who had been accused of trying to kill Brazilian President Costa e Silva three years ago, and Vladimir Palmeira, a student leader arrested last year after an opposition rally.

To meet the terrorists' Saturday-afternoon deadline, the prisoners had to be gathered hastily from jails all over Brazil—an operation that came right down to the wire. Shortly before the appointed hour, Foreign Minister José Magalhães Pinto went on the air to let the kidnapers know that "everything is taken care of." It was a white lie to win time while a bulky helicopter, which had been forced to land as it was bringing the last prisoner to Rio, could be repaired. When the Brazilian C-130 transporting the prisoners at last took off from Rio, it was an hour late. Elbrick was to be released when news agencies reported the prisoners' arrival in Mexico; at week's end, it was still uncertain whether the terrorists would honor their end of the bargain.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Money Matters

Whatever U.S. Governors do these days, money is on their minds—especially money to be squeezed out of Washington. Plagued by ever-increasing costs for education, poverty and Medicare, the executives of the 50 states have been encouraged by President Nixon's proposals that the Federal Government pay for part of the welfare program and share some of its tax intake with the states. So it was money that provided the major topic as the Governors convened for their 61st annual conference at the Broadmoor hotel in Colorado Springs, Colo. In particular, they discussed the money to be had in the nebulous city known as the "peace dividend," meaning savings from an end to the Viet Nam war that might be diverted to domestic ends.

No Illusion. People have been busy slicing up the still hypothetical peace dividend for a long time. Thus it was considerably dismaying when, on the eve of the conference, Daniel Moynihan, the executive secretary of the Urban Affairs Council, informed the nation that any peace dividend that accrued would quickly be soaked up by increased defense costs and burgeoning domestic programs such as welfare and aid to education. But Presidential Counsel Arthur Burns was an early guest of the Governors, and he had more hopeful news. There had been a "little misunderstanding" of Moynihan's remarks, he allowed, and in fact "there would be \$8 billion if the war ended today" for use in new or expanded domestic areas.

Such cheer as Burns inspired was short-lived. In flew President Nixon to



AMBASSADOR ELBRICK & WIFE BEFORE KIDNAPING
Imaginative demands in church.

two hands—the National Liberation Action Group, a Brazilian anti-government underground outfit, and the October 8 Revolutionary Movement, or MR-8, a Castroite group that takes its name from the date of Che Guevara's 1967 capture in Bolivia. In return for Elbrick's life, the terrorists made two imaginative demands, to which the government hastily agreed. First, Brazilian newspapers, radio and TV stations had to run a three-sentence, 950-word anti-government "manifesto." Second, the government was forced to release 15 political prisoners and fly them to sanctuary in Mexico.

Scrupulously Formal. A witty career diplomat who has served as the U.S. ambassador in Yugoslavia and Portugal, Elbrick had been a hit with Brazilians almost from the moment he arrived on July 8. While maintaining scrupulously formal relations with the military regime, he mixed enthusiastically among the civilian population. One evening he and his wife danced past midnight at a party with Brazilians from Rio's ram-

rived. His Cadillac swung into a narrow street, a red Volkswagen swerved to a halt in front of it, and a blue one pulled up behind. Three gunmen got in the car and drove on to Rio's 2,300-ft Corcovado Peak, apparently chloroforming the ambassador along the way. At the mountain, the kidnapers carried the ambassador to a waiting Volkswagen and sped off, leaving his chauffeur behind unharmed.

The kidnapers later communicated with the government through two notes concerning the 15 prisoners they wanted released. The first message, in a church alms box, gave the junta 48 hours to agree to fly the prisoners out of the country, and it was accompanied by a brief letter from Elbrick to his wife: "I am all right and I am hoping that I shall be liberated soon," he wrote, adding pointedly that "these people, of course, are very determined." The second note, which turned up in a supermarket game-ticket collection box, reeled off the prisoners' names. Ranging

inform the Governors that "dreams of unlimited billions being released once the war in Viet Nam ends are just that—dreams. True, there will be additional money, but the claims on it already are enormous. There should be no illusion that what some call the 'peace and growth dividend' will automatically solve our national problems." Added the President: "In order to find the money for new programs, we will have to trim it out of old ones."

That was bleak news, and New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller, once again the dominant spokesman for the nation's Governors, refused to accept it. He changed the subject from the peace dividend to what is known as the "growth dividend," resulting from the normal expansion of the U.S. economy. Rockefeller reported that a study commissioned by the Governors' Conference Committee on Human Resources, which he headed, had produced some interesting figures. Never mind whether any money comes from the slowdown in Viet Nam; the study projected that federal revenues would increase by \$15 billion in 1970, \$16 billion in 1971, \$18 billion in 1972, on up to \$20 billion in 1976. Cumulatively, these federal revenue increases would total \$125 billion by the end of 1976. The money, said Rockefeller, could be channeled into new federal domestic programs or sent to the states through the President's revenue-sharing plan.

This federal revenue growth, argued Rockefeller, makes Nixon's scheme for revenue sharing too small. The objective of the President's plan is to turn \$12 billion back to the states by 1976, asserted Rockefeller—only about 10% of the \$125 billion additional revenues the Federal Government will receive during the same period. In view of the projected federal growth, Rockefeller asserted that 35% to 40% of the additional funds should go to the states. The study showed that if 35% were turned back to the states, it would represent \$43.8 billion by 1976. Said the ebullient Rockefeller: "The money is going to be there, and it is not too early to begin thinking about how to use it."

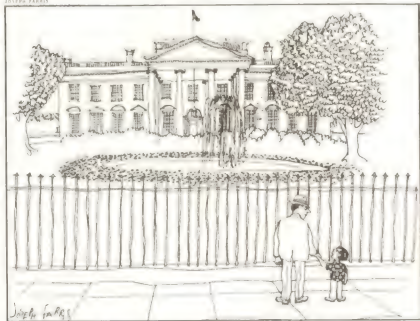
Resounding Approval. Administration officials remained noncommittal. Burns said: "I don't like to quarrel with my old Governor." Vice President Agnew was similarly circumspect. Said he: "I don't think the [Rockefeller] estimates are fully accepted by the Administration." But the Governors, almost to a man, were solidly behind the New Yorker, preferring Rockefeller's optimism to the Administration's caveats. They resoundingly approved policy statements sponsored by Rockefeller's committee calling for the Federal Government to assume the full costs of welfare over the next five years, to establish a compulsory national health insurance program, and to bring social security payments up to a minimum of \$100 per month.

KEEPING UP THE PRESIDENTIAL PAYMENTS

FOR all the power and perquisites of the U.S. presidency, some of the problems of ordinary citizens necessarily follow a man into the White House. Like living within one's income, and keeping up the payments on the mortgage.

The latter can be troublesome, particularly when the President is Richard Nixon, for whom the White House is not entirely a home. He is, by his own testimony, a "salt-water man," and in a relatively short span of time has picked up two seaside abodes in Florida, another in California, as well as retaining his leasehold on the old family manse

with his own capital only the five seaside acres of the estate and the house. This gives him only one-fifth of the property, and only one-fifth of the down payment and maintenance charges to cope with personally. His portion of the down payment was \$80,000, the principal is \$20,000 annually and the interest is \$15,000 per year. In addition, the President exercised an option to buy the remaining four-fifths of the surrounding grounds. This was done for him by a trustee, the Title Insurance and Trust Co. of Los Angeles. The trustee pays for the remaining four-fifths with \$1,000,000 that Nixon borrowed from



"NOW CAN I SEE THE FLORIDA WHITE HOUSE AND THE CALIFORNIA WHITE HOUSE?"

in Whittier, Calif. While none of the four dwellings is perhaps fit for a king, the three recent acquisitions are certainly suitable to the style of a First Family, with all that that entails. How in the world does Nixon meet those monthly mortgage bills on a salary of only \$200,000 a year?

Slightly Surrealistic. Well, it helps to have been a Wall Street lawyer—in more ways than one. Consider the ledgerman of the San Clemente spread. The price for the estate of 21 acres, including the large, Spanish-style villa now known familiarly as White House West, was \$1.4 million. The terms were \$400,000 down and \$100,000 per year, plus 7½% interest per year on the initial outstanding debt of \$1,000,000. The sale called for the principal to be paid off within five years. Normally, such an undertaking would require prodigious amounts of cash: annual payments of \$175,000 for five years and then a liquidating wallop payout of \$500,000.

Nixon, however, elected to purchase

the Cotton Estate, previous owners of the spread. Out of this money comes the necessary \$320,000 down payment, as well as the \$80,000 for the principal payment and \$60,000 in interest per year.

This arrangement seems slightly surrealistic, but it is cheaper than most available mortgages would be. In effect, the President is paying off the additional land at today's prices, holding it and gambling on a continuation of the upward trend in real estate prices in the San Clemente area. Within the five-year period, the President will sell all but his five acres and house. If his gamble pays off, he will retire the debt on the borrowed money and perhaps even make a profit. Just to whom the President will sell is not known. It could be a "compatible" buyer—perhaps Nixon's wealthy, longtime friend "Bebe" Rebozo—or it could be the Nixon Foundation, which might build a presidential library and museum on the land, though the President's California home town

of Whittier would like that honor.

In the meanwhile, Nixon is able to enjoy the luxury of his San Clemente estate, while paying only a fraction of what it would cost him to buy outright. To make it even more pleasant, the President is getting an estimated \$75,000 golf course free. Local firms are building the small course (four greens, seven tees just behind the villa's swimming pool) at their own expense. At the same time, Nixon is adding his own distinctive touches to enhance the comforts of the house. Recent visitors noticed a new bulletproof glass wall beside the swimming pool and a sound system to soothe the presidential nerves with the piped-in music of Mantovani and Kostelanetz. And he has already had some luck: his post-purchase survey of the land showed that it was not 21 but 26 acres in extent—a five-acre bonanza that Nixon's advisers estimate could eventually be worth as much as \$300,000.

The President's other mortgage obligations are less Zeckendorfian. The two houses he bought on Bay Lane in Key Biscayne formed a \$252,800 package. The house at 516 Bay Lane has a mortgage of \$100,000, payable in 25 years at 7½% interest. The second house, at 500 Bay Lane, has two mortgages totaling almost \$80,000, each for ten years at 6%. The presidential compound formed by the two houses is flanked by Nixon's friends. The ubiquitous Rebozo owns a house adjacent to the President's property. The house next to Rebozo's was bought early this year by Robert Abplanalp, a strong Nixon supporter during the 1968 presidential campaign, who owns Grand Cay in the Bahamas, a retreat the President favors. Nixon's third house, in Whittier, Calif., where his mother once lived, is a potential profit-maker. The house and lot are valued at \$75,000—the mortgage is for \$54,400—but the area has just been rezoned for commercial use, which should enhance its worth considerably.

Taxing Experience. Despite the many residences, the presidential purse does not seem too strained. When Nixon sold his Fifth Avenue apartment in New York City last May, he received \$326,000—twice what he paid for it in 1963. In April, the President sold 185,891 shares he had held in Fisher's Island, Inc., a land-development firm near Miami. Selling at \$2 a share, the President doubled his original investment. With his White House salary, and what he saved from the fat years as a corporate attorney in New York, Richard Nixon is reasonably well off. And, of course, all the interest he pays on his holdings is deductible from his personal income taxes. His only real estate problem seems to be that, whenever the Nixons move into a neighborhood, they drive property values up. In the ten months that Nixon has owned the two houses in Key Biscayne, they have both reassessed upward by \$52,000—a taxing experience, as every homeowner knows.

KENNEDY: RECKONING DEFERRED

WHAT are my marching orders?" asked District Court Judge James Boyle on the telephone from Edgartown. "Halt," replied the clerk of the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court in Boston.

Last week, 17 hours before the inquest *In Re. Mary Jo Kopechne* was to begin on Martha's Vineyard, the state's highest court intervened, delaying the proceeding for at least several weeks and temporarily awarding Edward M. Kennedy a legal victory. Justice Paul Reardon ordered a postponement until the full seven-member supreme court, now in recess, could hear arguments on whether an inquest governed by

Boyle, lawyers for the witnesses—including Kennedy and the others who attended the Chappaquiddick cookout—had no right to cross-examine or challenge testimony on the grounds of irrelevancy.

What, then, if John Farrar, the scuba diver who recovered Mary Jo's body from the bottom of Poucha Pond, were to take the stand to promulgate his theory that the girl probably lived, breathing in an air pocket, for some time after the accident? Under Boyle's strictures, Kennedy's attorneys would not have been permitted to produce expert testimony to challenge Farrar's thesis or his qualifications. Meantime, every news story from Edgartown would recirculate the Farrar version, enveloped this time in the dignifying aura of a legal proceeding.

General Inquisition. In the hearing before Justice Reardon in Boston's Suffolk County Courthouse, Kennedy Attorney Edward Benno Hanifan argued: "It is difficult to see in the inquest something other than a general inquisition into his reputation and conduct over and above that to which he has already pleaded guilty [leaving the scene of an accident]. I submit that the rights of which he has been deprived present grave constitutional questions."

The single supreme court justice sitting to hear petitions in the absence of the full bench was Paul Reardon. Three years ago, Reardon drew up the American Bar Association's stringent Fair Trial-Free Press code, which, among other things, recommended excluding reporters from all pretrial proceedings or hearings that do not take place before a jury. "Hearsay can be introduced at any inquest," Reardon said last week, "even hearsay on top of hearsay." After granting a postponement, Reardon pointedly implied that District Attorney Edmund Denis and other authorities involved in the case had been speaking too freely. Such statements, he warned as Denis sat grimly in the courtroom, "carry the seeds of prejudice against more than one party."

Four Alternatives. The Massachusetts Supreme Court is scheduled to reconvene early in October, although Reardon indicated that it might meet earlier in special session if Denis and the Kennedy lawyers are prepared for a hearing. There are at least four decisions that the court might reach:

1) It could find that Judge Boyle's ground rules are legally sound. Traditionally in Massachusetts, the very loosely formulated procedures of an inquest are left to the presiding judge, who may or may not exclude the public and press. Precedents on inquests in the state are vague. Only two inquests have been held on Martha's Vineyard in the past 40 years. One, in 1932, concluded that a man named Valdimir Victor Messer evidently sat on a keg of



JUSTICE REARDON

The trial by popular opinion continued.

Judge Boyle's ground rules would be a violation of Kennedy's constitutional rights.

Thus, for the first time, since his black Oldsmobile tumbled off the Dike Bridge on Chappaquiddick seven weeks ago, Kennedy gained a measure of legal control over the case that, in the midst of his own silences and the elaborate speculations of practically everyone else, had been careering toward what he feared would be, in effect, an officially sanctioned trial by rumor.

Unchallenged Thesis. The postponement, of course, did nothing to halt his unofficial trial by popular opinion. Kennedy foresaw that his petition for delay would prompt talk about a "Kennedy power play" and "wealth and influence thwarting justice." But his lawyers increasingly feared that the inquest, under Judge Boyle's terms, could take on some aspects of a kangaroo court. Boyle opened the inquest to 103 reporters and denied that the hearing represented an accusatory proceeding. Hence, ruled

dynamite wired to a battery and dematerialized himself.

2) The court could find that an inquest is not designed to deal with the extraordinarily publicized Kennedy case and that any action must be left to a grand jury—an inquiry held in secret. District Attorney Dinis, however, would prefer to avoid a grand jury investigation, since he himself would be in charge and the press would be excluded.

3) The court could rule that the inquest is appropriate, but that it should be conducted in secret.

4) The justices could agree with Kennedy's lawyers that Boyle's rules are inappropriate and that counsel for one or all of the witnesses should have the privilege of cross-examination, subpoenaing witnesses and so on. Some lawyers regard this as a remote alternative, since the inquest is not a trial.

Some legal experts believe the most likely outcome is that the inquest will be canceled—leaving Dinis the option of calling a grand jury—or that it will be held in secret to protect the rights of Kennedy and the other witnesses. In either case, the public, which is presumably a court to which every politician must appeal, would be denied an open and formal explanation. Kennedy might have gone ahead with the Filgartown inquest, risking rumors on the record in order to account for his conduct clearly once and for all. Now he has for a time formalized his silence and only postponed his day of reckoning with the public—a day that must surely come if he intends to remain in public life.

POVERTY

Feud in the Hills

To the Turner family of Eastern Kentucky's Breathitt County, politics comes as naturally as breathing. Ervine Turner, who died last year after a 40-year career as state senator, school superintendent and circuit judge, first became a power in the mountainous area when he brought Breathitt the benefits of the New Deal. His death did nothing to weaken his family's Snopesian hold on the county. His wife Marie served as county school superintendent for 38 years until her retirement last June, and still remains president of the Citizens Bank of Jackson, the county seat. Their son John is a state senator. Their daughter, Mrs. Treva Turner Howell, continues the old family tradition of doing good for the poor while doing well politically—something the massive poverty program has made rather easy. She administers the local poverty effort, sowing federal largesse and reaping a bumper crop of votes for the county Democratic organization headed by her husband, Jeff Davis Howell.

Now, however, the family's dominance of Breathitt County's affairs is being challenged by the state's Republican administration. Alarmed at what he considers partisan abuse of the poverty program, Governor Louie B. Nunn

has vetoed a \$177,000 Office of Economic Opportunity grant to the Middle Kentucky River Area Development Council (MKRADC). The organization, headquartered in Jackson and run by Mrs. Howell, is responsible for administering sorely needed poverty projects worth \$2,000,000 a year in Breathitt and three neighboring counties. Two-thirds of the region's families have incomes of less than \$3,000 a year.

No Conditions. Many, living in isolated hollows miles from the main road, exist on no earned incomes at all, under conditions that make life in an urban ghetto seem almost luxurious by comparison. Their houses are made of tarpaper or unseasoned wood; their food consists of what they can shoot, trap or buy with Government food stamps.

JOHN FETTERMAN



MRS. HOWELL AND POVERTY WORKERS AT MILL SITE
Doing good for the poor, well for the party.

Indoor plumbing is virtually nonexistent, roads are unpaved and often impassable.

Nunn brings a formidable barrage of charges against Mrs. Howell. In documents sent to OEO headquarters in Washington, he claims that her election as MKRADC director violated regulations because her brother-in-law, who has since resigned, was a member of the board. The Governor also charges that she kept program funds in a family-owned bank and makes support of her family and party an implicit condition for MKRADC assistance. Nunn denies he wants to replace Mrs. Howell with a Republican. "I don't care who they get to run the program," he says, "as long as he's competent and the poverty money goes where it is intended to go, for the benefit of the poor and with no conditions attached."

Mrs. Howell has responded to Nunn's charges by firing off a few of her own. She claims that Nunn, the state's first Republican Governor in 20 years, is jeal-

ous of her program's success and trying to improve his party's fortunes at her expense. Her riposte does little to blunt the thrust of Nunn's original accusation, for her family's seigniorial attitude toward the people in its domain is evidence enough of its political power. "These are my folks around here," says Mrs. Howell. "They need help." The people of Breathitt repaid such sentiments last month by flocking to Mrs. Howell's side at a public hearing held by OEO to investigate Nunn's charges against her. Howell supporters turned out in such force that Lynn Frazer, the state economic-opportunity director, walked out, claiming anti-Howell witnesses were being intimidated.

Mrs. Howell's victory at the hearing has set back Nunn's campaign to get

her out of the poverty program. It has embarrassed Breathitt County's Congressman, Carl D. Perkins, who, as chairman of the House Education and Labor Committee, is responsible for all poverty legislation. Pushing for a two-year extension of the OEO authorization act, Perkins fears loss of badly needed Republican support if Nunn's veto is overridden. At the same time, he finds it politically necessary to back Mrs. Howell, whose support is an important ingredient in his own re-election.

The Nunn-Howell feud is likely to prove equally embarrassing to President Nixon's new OEO chief, Donald Rumsfeld, who must now decide whether to sustain or overturn the Governor's veto. A decision in favor of Mrs. Howell may cost him the support of Republicans already anxious to minimize federal interference in state affairs. While he deliberates, the poor of Breathitt County, dependent upon interim OEO grants for their sustenance, remain out of pocket.

THE WORLD

THE LEGACY OF HO CHI MINH

You know, I am an old man, a very old man. An old man likes to have a little air of mystery about himself. I like to hold on to my little mysteries.

—Ho Chi Minh, 1962

HO CHI MINH held on to his little mysteries very skillfully indeed, and to much larger ones as well. The face that he presented to the world was that of an avuncular, slightly shabby poet, yet he was a dedicated, often ruthless Communist for half a century. He impressed

of old values—the country's very image of itself.

Ho Chi Minh's life was dedicated to the creation of a unified Viet Nam, free from foreign control, and the 19 million people of his tortured land suffered mightily from his total devotion to that vision. Even so, they affectionately knew him as "Bac Ho" (Uncle Ho). So did many in the South. No national leader alive today has stood so stubbornly for so long before the enemy's guns. His death will have inex-

Eventually, a single leader is likely to emerge. As U.S. Analyst Douglas Pike puts it: "They'll agree not to get grabby. But I have no faith in collective leadership. They will all claim the mantle of Ho Chi Minh, and they will start to get grabby."

Hanoi's leadership has been remarkably stable. No other Communist Party in the world has endured so long without a major purge. When it was formed in 1945, the Party's Politburo had eleven full members. Today nine of the eleven remain in power; the missing members are Ho and Nguyen Chi Thanh, the North's second-ranking military man, who died in 1967. There were always divisions and differences, but Ho helped keep them submerged by the force of his personality and, in his declining years, by his mere presence. "He was the hoop that held the staves of the barrel in round," says Pike. "Now that hoop is gone." As a result, fissures are likely to appear more frequently. The aim will remain the same—uniting Viet Nam under Hanoi's control—but the five contenders are likely to differ on the means. Pike believes, for example, that they disagree on the major policy issue confronting Hanoi—how best to win the war in the South. Giap, Dong and Le Duan support the current policy: intensive guerrilla activity interspersed with conventional, regular-force battles or "high points," all aimed at inflicting a decisive victory in the tradition of Dienbienphu. Truong Chinh, clearly influenced by the theories of Mao Tse-tung, favors dropping to a



NORTH VIETNAMESE TRAINEES MOURN HO IN WARSAW

most visitors with his gentleness, but no man can hold together a Communist Party for nearly 40 years, as he did, without an iron hand. He seemed fragile as a dried leaf, but he endured privation, prison and grueling pressures, and still survived for nearly eight decades.

When North Viet Nam's President died of a heart attack in Hanoi last week at the age of 79, he left an impressive legacy of accomplishment. He had restored a sense of nationhood to Viet Nam. He had come to represent a form of "national Communism" that left him out of both the Chinese and the Soviet orbits, but prompted both powers to court him. With the limited resources of a tiny impoverished Asian nation—and with vast help from Peking and Moscow—he had withstood the enormous firepower of the mightiest industrial nation on earth. In so doing, he had forced one U.S. President out of office and tarnished the bright memory of another. He had reached deep into American society through a war that affects the disaffected young, the restless blacks, the threatened guardians

of old values and far-reaching repercussions in North Viet Nam, in Asia and beyond.

Change will not come tomorrow, for Ho and other leaders had tried to lay the groundwork for a tranquil succession. Over the past several years, Ho had gradually moved away from the day-to-day exercise of power, turning over routine responsibilities to a triumvirate consisting of Premier Pham Van Dong, Party First Secretary Le Duan and high-ranking Politburo Member Truong Chinh, all in their early 60s (see box, page 28). For the immediate future, Ho's title will probably be taken by Vice President Ton Duc Thang, an 81-year-old nonentity. Actual power will probably be wielded by the triumvirate—plus Defense Minister Vo Nguyen Giap, 57.*

* There is something like a generation gap between the new leaders of the North and those below the 17th parallel. South Viet Nam's President Nguyen Van Thieu is 46, Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky turns 39 this week and Prime Minister Tran Thien Khieu is 44. Advanced age is no handicap in Viet Nam, however; it is considered a badge of merit.

IN HANOI, ARMED CIVILIANS



lower level of warfare. He argues that such protracted conflict would eventually exhaust the foe.

Ho himself probably advocated the regular-force theory, and some analysts believe that his firmness on this point was largely responsible for freezing the Paris negotiations. According to this theory, as long as Ho was on the scene—healthy or ill—it was impossible for other leaders to make a move toward breaking the deadlock. There has been a lack of progress, in fact, ever since Chief North Vietnamese Strategist Le Duc Tho abruptly left Paris last July. Several Washington officials now believe that he may have been called home because Ho had suddenly begun to fail. These officials also believe it was more than coincidental that last week, only hours before Hanoi announced Ho's approaching death, North Vietnamese Negotiator Xuan Thuy hinted at a possible speedup of negotiations should the U.S. accept the principle of total withdrawal from South Viet Nam.

Undisguised Anxiety

Little real movement is expected in Paris, however, until Tho or another senior official returns with new instructions from Hanoi. Even then, it may be a while before the interim leaders can agree on the wording of those instructions. Nor is a quick shift expected on the battlefields of the South, where last week Communist forces staged their heaviest attacks in almost a month. The Viet Cong and North Viet Nam, however, announced that there would be a three-day cease-fire, perhaps this week, to mark Ho's death. There were indications that the allied forces would tacitly follow suit.

While any struggle for power in Hanoi was being kept wholly under wraps, there was no disguising anxieties in Pe-

king and Moscow. Chinese Communist Premier Chou En-lai, accompanied by a brace of high-ranking aides, arrived in Hanoi less than 48 hours after the announcement of Ho's death and almost immediately went into lengthy conferences with the North Vietnamese Politburo. Next day he flew back to Peking, probably to avoid a confrontation with incoming Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin. The semi-comic scramble to avoid a meeting brought into the spotlight once more the Sino-Soviet rivalry, for favor in North Viet Nam.

In this struggle, Ho's role was all-important. He succeeded not only in avoiding a rupture in relations with either nation but also in keeping aid flowing in. "He was the man who kept Moscow and Peking in balance," said Jean

beginning to be a potent force in Southeast Asia, spurred by the generally oppressive colonial rule of the French, British and Dutch. Ironically, nationalism was less a local product than a European import. As Gunnar Myrdal pointed out in *Asian Drama*: "It was with the intellectual weapons forged in Europe, where liberalism had become the middle-class ideology, that the liberation movements rose in South Asia and fought their way to a vision, and later the realization, of full independence."

The first generation of Asian nationalists, of which Ho was a charter member, seized on these borrowed ideas. Ho's emphasis on nationalism made him stand out in the memories of his fellow Communists. Ruth Fischer, a leading German party member who knew Ho



SAIGON CYCLO DRIVERS READ OF HO'S DEATH

Laouture, a French biographer of Ho, "with an inevitable tendency for the Soviet. His death is a loss to Moscow." Privately, Soviet sources conceded as much. They noted that Ho's great prestige had enabled him to tread a neutral course between Peking and Moscow, and that his successors may find it more difficult to do so.

Altering the Equations

There is little question that a basic power equation was unbalanced by Ho's death. That was altogether fitting, for during his lifetime he had altered many an equation.

Ho was born in 1890 in Nghe An province, in what is today North Viet Nam. According to a local maxim, "a man born in Nghe An province will oppose anything," and both his parents were cast in that rebellious mold. His father lost his post as a magistrate for associating with the anti-French movement; his mother, who died when Ho was ten, was charged with stealing weapons from French barracks for the rebels. At the time, nationalism was be-

ing in the 1920s, wrote: "It was Ho's nationalism which impressed us European Communists, born and bred in a rather gray kind of abstract internationalism." To classic nationalistic sentiments, Asians added an indigenous ingredient—barely contained outrage at the fact that the European colonizers almost inevitably humiliated the peoples they sought to rule. "Natives" were not allowed in European parks or clubs; they were either treated like children or abused like slaves. Before Ho was ten, a Hanoi biography says, his countrymen were press-ganged into road-building crews while Francophile mandarins "sipped champagne in the evening and milk in the morning." Ho once noted that until he arrived in France in his 20s, he had never been addressed as "Mr."

Imbued with the nationalist ideals of his father, Ho finished his schooling, taught briefly in the South and finally, about 1914, shipped out to Europe. For several years, he held a series of odd jobs, including a spell as a pastry cook under the famed French Chef Escoffier at London's Carlton Hotel. In



MỖI NGƯỜI
BẮNG HAI

Paris. Ho worked as a gardener and photo retoucher. In 1917, so one account goes, he worked his way across the Atlantic as a merchant seaman, visiting New York, Boston and perhaps San Francisco. One source says that Ho worked briefly as a waiter in a Harlem restaurant. Back in Paris, he resumed contacts with other nationalist-minded Asians, and found himself increasingly attracted by the rosy ideals of international Socialism. In 1919, Ho rented a striped suit and derby and sought out Woodrow Wilson at the Versailles Peace Conference. Ho hoped to interest the peacemakers in his dreams of autonomy for Viet Nam, but his efforts were ignored. In 1922, after discovering that French Socialists were similarly indifferent to the problems of

British Orientalist P. J. Honey relates how in 1925 Ho betrayed a rival nationalist leader, who was seized by the French and executed in Hanoi. Answering "sentimentalists" who criticized his treachery, Ho offered three justifications for his act: 1) a dangerous rival had been removed; 2) his execution, occurring within Viet Nam, had helped create a revolutionary climate; and 3) the reward that Ho had collected for tipping off the French helped finance his revolutionary organization.

There were setbacks in China: Ho was forced to flee to Moscow in 1927, after the Chinese Nationalists broke with their Soviet advisers and began massacring Communists. A year later, disguised as a shaven-headed Buddhist monk, Ho turned up in the Thai North-

and Ho, on a journey back into China, was jailed by a Nationalist warlord. He spent a year in prison, finally won his freedom and promptly began seeking support from American elements then in South China. He got in touch with an extraordinary number of U.S. officers, skillfully promoting his cause. His growing reputation led the U.S. Office of Strategic Services (forerunner of the CIA) to make contact with Ho in 1945 in the jungles along the China-Viet Nam border. Under the code name "Lucius," Ho provided the OSS with intelligence about Japanese forces and, a generation before U.S. air attacks on North Viet Nam, his guerrillas rescued 17 downed American flyers. An OSS medic probably saved Ho's life by treating his tropical fevers with sulfa drugs.

His cordial contacts with Americans encouraged Ho to hope for U.S. support for his Viet Minh. Former TIME Correspondent Frank White, now a Time Inc. executive, recalls that early in 1946, when he was a U.S. Army major, he was invited by Ho to an official dinner in Hanoi. The guests included the top French, Chinese and British commanders and officials. White, the most junior officer and the only American, was seated next to Ho. "Mr. President," White whispered to Ho, "I think there is some resentment over the seating arrangements." "Yes," replied Ho, "I can see that. But whom else could I talk to?" Plainly, Ho still thought of Americans as people he could talk to.

Very Small Share

Another American, former Marine Lieutenant Charles Fenn (now a novelist writing in Ireland), had helped Ho set up the intelligence operation and occasionally corresponded with him. In one letter, previously unpublished, Ho wrote to Fenn: "The war is won. But we small and subject countries have no share, or very very small share, in the victory of freedom and democracy. Probably if we want to get a sufficient share, we have still to fight." He was right, of course. Ho and his Viet Minh colleagues approached the French as the Pacific war was ending and asked for a measure of autonomy and at least a pledge of eventual independence for Viet Nam. France dithered. In August 1945, the Viet Minh launched their revolution, and on Sept. 2, 1945, Ho proclaimed the Vietnamese republic. Its declaration of independence, modeled on that of the U.S., included a preamble beginning "All men are created equal."

The republic was baptized in blood. Initially, Ho and French civilian leaders in Hanoi sought to work out a compromise. Their efforts were undermined by colonialists in Paris, and for the next nine years the revolution ground on. In the spring of 1954, after a series of disasters on the battlefield and war exhaustion back home, the French were forced to leave Viet Nam. But Ho failed



BOMBED-OUT STREET IN NORTH VIETNAMESE CAPITAL
Premise No. 1 is that nobody knows anything about what will happen now.

the colonies, he joined the newly founded French Communist Party. His path was set.

Over the next decade, Ho the Asian nationalist became Ho the Westernized Asian Communist. He absorbed the teachings of Marx and Lenin during two years of study at Moscow's Toilers of the East University, wrote a host of articles on colonial problems for Communist-front magazines. In 1925, he was assigned by the Comintern to go to Canton as an adviser to Soviet Agent Mikhail Borodin, then an adviser to the Chinese Nationalists.

The Foundation of Nationalism

In Canton, he began preparing for his eventual return to Viet Nam. Nationalism, Ho saw, was the foundation on which an independent Viet Nam could be built. To this end, he began organizing young Vietnamese nationalists exiled in China, slowly building the organization that was to become his apparatus of power. In the process, he proved that he could be utterly cruel.

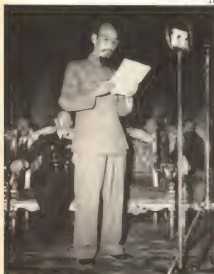
east to organize support among Vietnamese, then traveled to Hong Kong on Moscow's orders to end a quarrel among other Vietnamese Communists. He succeeded: the party that he founded there in 1930 has survived—with two changes of name—down to the present. He was jailed briefly by the British, then fled to Shanghai and on to Moscow. Four years later, he was back in China, a temporary ally of the Chinese Nationalists in the battle against Japan. Early in 1941, Ho returned to Viet Nam, then occupied by the Japanese, for the first time in 30 years. He was accompanied by Dong and a young ex-teacher named Vo Nguyen Giap, now the North's military leader. A few months later, Ho founded an independence league called the Viet Minh, and established a base area conveniently near the Chinese border. Ostensibly, the front was intended to lead the anti-Japanese resistance; in fact, it was a sword at the throats of the French.

There were few dramatic successes for the Viet Minh during the war years,

Continued on page 26



AT FRENCH SOCIALIST CONGRESS IN 1920



SPEAKING AT PARIS CITY HALL IN 1946



DANCING DURING INDONESIA VISIT IN 1959



UNCLE HO WITH CHILDREN AT STREET PARTY EARLIER THIS YEAR



VISITING ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN CREW DEFENDING HANOI IN 1967

to secure at the conference table what his troops had won in combat. Under severe pressure from the Soviet Union, he was forced to accept control of only half of Viet Nam. In the South, a pro-Western government was set up—with heavy American assistance.

Executing the Exploiters

Ho's spoils seemed paltry at best. The French had concentrated their agricultural production in the South; crops in the North were insufficient to feed its population. Industry, indeed, had been established in the North—but the plant was minuscule: a cement factory, a brewery, a few railway-repair shops and an assortment of small machine and textile producers. Ho's major asset was coal, and its continuing abundance has pro-

duced the scapegoat. He lost his post as party leader. Giap denounced him for having "executed too many people" and having "resorted to terror." The agrarian purge was not the only instance of the regime's bloody-mindedness. Immediately after independence was declared in 1945, Ho's officials, bent on eliminating all real or potential opposition, wiped out thousands of non-Communist nationalists, members of the middle class, and members of religious sects.

In 1960, Ho re-embarked upon collectivization, this time calling the units "cooperatives." Today 93% of North Vietnamese peasants are enrolled in them. Productivity has not been helped. Last year North Viet Nam was forced to import 750,000 tons of wheat from Russia to make up for rice shortages.

sharply since the halt in American bombing. As long as U.S. warplanes filled the skies over the North, workers and peasants were inspired to grim extra effort. Now, according to non-Communist foreign visitors recently in Hanoi, many seem to have relaxed their drive. Last June the newspaper *Hanoi Moi* reported that of 538 specific construction-industry quotas only 328 had been achieved or surpassed. Other papers maintain a steady barrage of complaint against pilferage, slackness and absenteeism, and at the beginning of 1969 the government found itself forced to open a massive campaign against factory corruption. Further complicating the economic dilemma, an estimated 500,000 workers and farmers have been drafted into the army since 1965, cutting heavily into potential productivity.

Cultural Repression

Ho's legacy, however impressive in many respects, plainly has its shortcomings. North Viet Nam is a much more egalitarian society today than it was when the "republic" was proclaimed 24 years ago, but politically as well as economically, progress has been scant. Writers and artists are limited by political requirements; a brief attempt at liberalization in the late '50s, patterned after Mao's short-lived campaign to "let 100 flowers bloom," uncovered so much resentment that repression was reconstituted almost immediately. Ho, however, was never blamed for repression; skillfully, he divorced himself in the public mind from that harsh entity known as government. As British Journalist James Cameron put it, the people seemed to say, "This or that is a damn nuisance, the government is pushing us around again. But Uncle Ho says it is all right, so we suppose it must be."

That time is now past, and there is no doubt that its passing will adversely affect Communist morale. Ho was an impressive figure—the only truly national leader that Viet Nam has produced in modern times—and he will be missed. In Hanoi, faces were somber and black bands of mourning appeared on thousands of sleeves. A crowd formed before Ba Dinh Congress Hall, where his body lies in state. The clandestine Viet Cong Radio, echoing Hanoi broadcasts, reported that the new wave of attacks in the South last week had been launched "to change sorrow into a revolutionary act after receiving the news of Chairman Ho's death."

In Saigon, the reaction was ambivalent. There was "nothing important" in Ho's death, said President Nguyen Van Thieu. "What is important is whether the North Vietnamese will end their aggressive policies or will end the war." Communist defectors felt that Ho's death would cause deep morale problems among the Viet Cong, who admired Ho hugely. One defector noted that the guerrillas have long dreamed of seeing Ho riding triumphantly into Saigon, which then would be renamed Ho Chi Minh City. Nobody expects



XUAN THUY (RIGHT) WITH PEKING ENVOY IN PARIS
A comic scramble for allegiance.

vided North Viet Nam with badly needed foreign exchange. Clearly, intensive efforts were needed in the agricultural sector. Ho's first major program, accordingly, was agrarian reform, and his first mass target was the "exploiting landlords." There were, in fact, few landlords of any size. Nevertheless, the order rumbled down from Hanoi: find the exploiters and execute them. Anywhere from 50,000 to 200,000 Vietnamese were executed—mostly village leaders who were replaced by heretofore landless peasants. As Honey points out: "By forcing the villagers to participate in the deaths of people they knew to be guiltless, Ho involved them in collective guilt. By giving authority to villagers who never expected it, he secured their cooperation."

It was a clever gambit, characteristic of Ho, and it worked for a time. But in 1956, when the government tried to force every farmer into a collective, a peasant revolt erupted in his native Nghe An province. Though the policy was almost certainly Ho's, Truong Chinh was

In 1954, just before partition, the shortfall was 250,000 tons of rice, and this year's may be four times as much.

Ho moved almost as drastically in the industrial sector, only to see most of the results of his nation's efforts in capital investment wiped out by U.S. bombs. Consumer goods are in short supply, and quality has slipped. A thirsty Northerner, for instance, often must queue for two hours simply to quaff a glass of weak beer. Each adult is allowed a scant four yards of cloth annually. At an angry meeting of the United Women's Organization in Hanoi last spring, representatives criticized pointed or padded brassieres because it took too much time and, more important, too much fabric, to make them. The nation is barely self-sufficient in simple tools and basic agricultural machinery, and it is completely dependent on its allies for major industrial needs. North Viet Nam today is not a going economic concern.

Compounding the economic problem is the fact that morale has fallen off

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the V.C. to lay down their weapons because that dream has dissolved, but their fighting spirit could be affected.

That would be a significant development indeed, for one of the remarkable things about the Communist forces in Viet Nam—whether guerrillas or regulars from the North—has been their spirit. The young men sent to the South, as U.S. fighting men have painfully discovered, made excellent soldiers. Tough and well-disciplined, they stood their ground under massive American firepower, then rose to charge. And the battlefield was only one test: the struggle southward along the tangle of jungle

paths called the Ho Chi Minh Trail often lasted four to six months, during which many perished of disease, malnutrition and exhaustion. If a trooper survived that trek, he had proved himself strong indeed—and there seems little question that the spirit imparted by Uncle Ho deserved a share of the credit. Ho's successors may be able to keep that spirit alive for a time, but not forever. It remains to be seen whether, once the memory of Ho fades, the soldier from the North will prove as inadequately motivated as the one from the South. Certainly, the possibility is of concern to Uncle's heirs.

What most interests U.S. officials is how Ho's successors will prosecute the war. "Premise No. 1," says a member of the Administration in Washington, "is that nobody knows anything about what will happen now—and if they say they do, they are lying." There is little doubt that Ho's departure will have a profound effect. Accordingly, the sentiment among many responsible officials in Washington is to "let the dust settle," in Dean Acheson's unforgettable words on China in 1949, rather than to seize the initiative. There are, however, other alternatives. At the extremes, the U.S. could either step up the war and re-

The Heirs-Apparent

HO CHI MINH is irreplaceable—as his admirers and enemies alike will agree—but he must now be replaced. At week's end, Hanoi Radio announced that a collective leadership "selected and well-trained" by Ho would rule the country, at least for a while. Its members were not named, but these four men are almost certain to be among them:

PHAM VAN DONG, the Premier. He was closer to Ho than anyone, although that will not necessarily help him succeed his mentor. Ho called him "my best pupil" and "my other self." Dong's striking face was once compared to "a mask carved for a museum of the revolution, in order to



PHAM VAN DONG



LE DUAN



TRUONG CHINH



VO NGUYEN GIAP

show just how far the peoples of Asia are capable of carrying stoicism." Dong once told a French visitor: "We Communists are romantics, too. You don't know how exerting it is to make a revolution." Dong began early, organizing student strikes in Hanoi in 1925, then escaping to China, where he first met Ho. While Ho was in a Chinese jail in 1942 and '43, Dong led the nationalist movement and has been its administrative head ever since. After France's defeat, he led the triumphant guerrilla delegation to the 1954 Geneva talks, becoming Premier the following year. Just as Ho steered an even course between China and Russia, so in all likelihood would Dong.

LE DUAN, the party chief. Though he is First Secretary of the Hanoi party and was second only to Ho in the Vietnamese Communist hierarchy, he is little known in the West. Nikita Khrushchev once said Le Duan (pronounced Lay Zwan) "talks, thinks and acts like a Chinese," but he is believed to be neutral, or even mildly inclined toward Moscow, in the Sino-Soviet dispute. Imprisoned for ten years by the French, he began his career late but climbed fast. When the country was divided in 1954, Hanoi withdrew its crack troops from the South but assigned Le Duan there to prepare politically for a second round. He was so effective, as the later success of the Viet Cong proved, that in 1956

Ho gave him the job of running the whole party. Le Duan also organized the Liberation Front, the Viet Cong's political structure now represented at the Paris talks.

TRUONG CHINH, the leading theoretician. Chinh, Chairman of Hanoi's National Assembly, is as openly pro-Peking as any leader can be in a traditionally anti-Chinese country. He has provided his own political label: his adopted name means "Long March," after Mao Tse-tung's epic 7,000-mile trek to sanctuary in Yenan in 1934. Chinh may be too far out on Peking's political limb to head up Hanoi's middle-of-the-road leadership. Moreover, he has been at odds with

both Le Duan and General Giap. With Ho gone as a mediating force, Chinh could find himself isolated by his enemies—unless he manages to isolate them first.

VO NGUYEN GIAP, the military commander. The victor of Dienbienphu, Defense Minister Giap now commands the Hanoi regulars and Viet Cong guerrillas facing U.S. troops. He is the best-known Vietnamese other than Ho and, with Israel's Moshe Dayan, the most successful soldier since World War II. His chances of succeeding Ho seem slim, however, though he could be chosen if Hanoi decided that an international reputation were required. Before joining Ho in China in 1940, Giap studied and taught law, politics and French military history. "He could draw every battle plan of Napoleon," a pupil recalled. In his guerrilla textbook, *People's War, People's Army*, Giap stresses mobility and cautious avoidance of enemy units capable of hitting back. Yet in 1951 he narrowly escaped dismissal after a disastrous campaign against superior French forces, and against U.S. forces he has frequently accepted appalling casualties for little military gain. An old friend of Giap's, Saigon lawyer Tran Van Tuyen, recalls him saying in the 1940s: "The Russian Revolution cost 2,000,000 lives, so we can certainly sacrifice half a million people." By all accounts, Giap is unskilled in Hanoi politics.



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sume the bombing of the North in an attempt to stampede the new leadership—or pull out completely, trusting in the South Vietnamese to cope with a Hanoi foe. No one in the Government seriously advocates either course.

Inaction, however, seems unwise to many experts outside the Administration. In Saigon, Professor Zbigniew Brzezinski, an adviser to former President Johnson, said that Ho's death had provided a "timely moment" for the U.S. and South Viet Nam to propose negotiations on a cease-fire. Brzezinski argued that the death of a Communist leader creates a period of "intense political conflict" during which there is an opportunity to focus attention on the successors on "initiatives from abroad." At the very least, he said, "it is always possible that some faction will argue that a positive response ought to be made." In Paris, Professor Philippe Devillers, a longtime specialist on Viet Nam, warned that the Paris negotiations would not progress "until the U.S. has accepted the principle of the total withdrawal of troops." Once this word is given, Devillers reasoned, "you unjam the negotiations and everything can be negotiated." He added, however, that the U.S. should act soon: "Now is the crucial moment. If they [the Americans] make no gesture within the next 15 days, the conclusion which will be drawn at Hanoi is that decidedly the only course is to fight, that they can only continue the war to the bitter end."

Please Acknowledge

In private Paris talks with their North Vietnamese counterparts, U.S. officials have said flatly for weeks that they want to withdraw all American troops from Viet Nam as soon as possible. In return, the U.S. has asked only that Hanoi acknowledge this declaration of intent and get the negotiations moving—so far without any result.

The fact is that the North Vietnamese were reluctant either to suggest or to respond to new initiatives while Ho lay dying. As Historian Lacouture pointed out last week, the key men in Hanoi today are "the executors of Ho Chi Minh's political testament, which really is an appeal to resist to the end." If they are faithful lieutenants, they will not be quick to abandon his policies—or his dreams.

Once, Ho told a French acquaintance: "I am a professional revolutionary. I am always on strict orders. My itinerary is always carefully prescribed—and you can't deviate from the route, can you?" Ho never did. His successors are likely to follow the route as unflinchingly as he did—for a while. But his very absence is bound to change the political map so completely that the men who follow him will be compelled to seek new, still unpredictable routes. The result will not necessarily bring comfort to the U.S., but North Viet Nam without Ho will be a different force in the world.

THE WAR

Blowing the Whistle

Only a month earlier, they were prisoners of war. Since their release, Navy Lieut. Robert Frishman and Seaman Douglas Hegdahl have been recuperating at the Naval Medical Center in Bethesda, Md. The third released P.W., Air Force Captain Wesley Rumble, 26, whose fighter-bomber went down over Quang Binh province in April 1968, returned to his home in Oroville, Calif.

Initially, all three men remained silent about their treatment in prison, explaining that they feared for Americans left behind (TIME, Aug. 15). For Frishman, 28, who is naturally voluble, keeping silent about his experiences was almost as

oner. Lieut. Commander Richard A. Stratton, a Navy pilot who "was beaten, had his fingernails removed and was put in solitary." His arms were scarred from cigarette burns. Before Frishman left Hanoi, Stratton told him not to worry about telling the truth. "He said that if he gets tortured some more, at least he'll know why he's getting it, and he will feel that it will be worth the sacrifice."

Only Nine. Most of the P.W.s suffered their worst treatment immediately after being captured. Some were forced to sit on a stool for days until they collapsed. Others, said Frishman, were hung by their arms from the ceiling. The fact that life improved when generals visited the camp led Frishman to allow



HEGDahl & FRISHMAN AT PRESS CONFERENCE
Only what was necessary to keep them alive.

agonizing as his 22 months in solitary confinement. Last week, accompanied by Seaman Hegdahl, he decided to "blow the whistle" on Hanoi at a press conference arranged by the Pentagon.

Sloppy Work. Frishman, whose right arm was shattered in October 1967 when his F-4C Phantom was shot down over Hanoi, said that North Vietnamese doctors had removed his elbow but not all the steel fragments. It was a sloppy operation, said Frishman, because the doctors "are willing only to do what is necessary to keep us alive." Because of his loosely dangling forearm, he was known to his fellow inmates as "The Grim Reaper."

The North Vietnamese told him that the most seriously wounded among the prisoners was Lieut. Commander John S. McCain III, son of the American commander in the Pacific. Despite "many broken bones," Frishman said, McCain "has been in solitary confinement since April of 1968." Frishman denounced the mistreatment of another fellow pris-

on, "possibly the higher-ups in North Viet Nam may not know the truth about our treatment." This supposition seems plausible. The North Vietnamese are extremely sensitive about U.S. public reaction to the war; coverage in the American press is carefully scrutinized by a special section of the government.

Under the Geneva Convention, signed by North Viet Nam in 1957, prisoners are to be humanely treated and identified, sick and injured released. The Red Cross is to be allowed to inspect the camps, and prisoners' mail allowed to be delivered. Despite the fact that many captured Americans are injured airmen, only nine men have been freed by North Viet Nam during the past five years. Because the North Vietnamese have generally refused to let prisoners write home and have not published the names of Americans held captive, no one knows exactly how many of the 1,300 U.S. servicemen listed as missing are actually languishing in cells north of the DMZ.

MIDDLE EAST: NO CLOSER TO UNITY

FOR the third time in little more than three months, a *coup d'état* shook the Arab world last week. Hard on the upheavals in the Sudan and South Yemen, leftist army officers in Libya seized the oil-rich kingdom of King Idris and proclaimed "the Libyan Arab Republic" with the Nasser-style slogan, "Freedom, Unity, Socialism."

The coup in Libya (see following story) reduced the number of reigning Arab monarchs to three, and only one of them seems reasonably secure—Morocco's King Hassan II. Jordan's Hussein is under pressure from Palestinian commandos, who use his territory as a base, and from Israeli retaliation. Saudi Arabia's King Faisal forestalled a coup by young air force officers only six weeks ago. Since then, he reportedly jailed hundreds of plotters and condemned 30 to death by beheading.

More significant than the relentless shrinkage in royal regimes is the fact that the shift in Libya gives the 14-nation Arab League a leftist majority for the first time. Before, the league was equally balanced between radical and conservative states—or, as the leftists put it, between the "free Arabs" and the "kept Arabs." Now there are eight left-leaning states (Egypt, Iraq, Syria, Algeria, Sudan, the two Yemens and Libya), and six conservative governments that accept Western support and admit Western influence (the three kingdoms,

plus, Lebanon, Kuwait and Tunisia).

Though the League now has a clear-cut majority, it is no nearer to unity as a result. While the tanks were rolling in Libya, an Arab summit of sorts was assembling in Cairo under the leadership of President Nasser. Algeria's President Houari Boumedienne described the main subject of discussion as "the battle of destiny"—the campaign against Israel. The secret talks were aimed at finding ways of better coordinating operations of the units from eight Arab armies that are arrayed (or rather disarrayed) along Israel's frontiers.

Even so, only four other countries saw fit to send representatives. Jordan's Hussein was there, and so was Syria's head of state, Nouredine Atassi. Iraq sent only a Deputy Premier because of its quarrel with Syria over the true interpretation of Baathist socialism, but Sudan sent its new ruler, Major General Jaafar Numeiry. The oil-soaked Kuwaitis, Saudis and Libyans, who already donate \$378 million a year to war-damaged Egypt and Jordan, stayed away, lest they be touched for even bigger donations. Sure enough, the leaders at the mini-summit made a blunt demand for more money, declaring that "present economic aid is considered less than what is needed."

Also conferring in Cairo last week were seven of the eleven competing Arab guerrilla movements. The guer-



NASSER & HUSSEIN IN CAIRO
And then there were three.

illas, however, were even busier along Israel's beleaguered borders—and beyond. In clashes and rocket attacks in the Jordan Valley, on the Syrian heights and near the Lebanese border, twelve Israeli troops and civilians were killed. The Israelis hit back with Mirage and Skyhawk jets—three times in Jordan, twice in Lebanon. Despite a U.N. Security Council condemnation last month for bombing Lebanese villages used by guerrillas, the Israelis struck harder there last week. In their first infantry sortie into the country,* they swooped down on a village two miles within Lebanon, leveling twelve houses and killing six guerrillas. During the 90-minute night raid, the Israelis also discovered what they described as a "saboteurs' supermarket" of arms and explosives. Once more Lebanon, which has been without a government for nearly five months and has an ineffective army, found itself in a vise between guerrillas and Israelis.

In one case, the Israelis suspended their retaliation policy and relied on cool tactics, as they awaited Syria's response to their demand for the release of two Israeli men. The two were aboard IWA's Flight 840 when Palestinian guerrillas forced the jetliner to land at Damascus (see box). Obviously worried by the furious international reaction, the Syrians quickly released 99 of the 101 passengers, among them four Israeli women. To satisfy the guerrillas' sympathizers, however, Syria might hold the Israeli men until the political heat dies down. Whether Israel's patience will last that long is another question. At week's end, there was a reminder to Arab governments of Israeli strength when the first of 50 U.S. Phantom jets began arriving at bases near Tel Aviv.

* Last December's Israeli attack on Beirut Airport, destroying 13 Arab airliners, was carried out by helicopter-borne commandos.

Can the Hijackers Be Halted?

THE two Palestinian guerrillas who forced down TWA Flight 840 in Damascus may well have pulled off much more than the 46th reported hijacking of the year. The ease with which they commandeered the plane and the apparent immunity that they enjoyed in Syria suggest that air piracy is becoming a standard and almost absurdly routine tactic. The chilling fact is that no country or airline anywhere can feel safe from a group that wants a dramatic way to publicize its grievances.

In the case of TWA 840, most activity focused on freeing two Israeli passengers who were detained in Damascus. The U.S. brought diplomatic pressure on Syria, and TWA President F. C. Wiser Jr. personally flew to Damascus. The most dramatic gesture came from Ola Forsberg, president of the International Federation of Airline Pilots Associations, whose 44,000 members fly for nearly all of the non-Communist world's airlines. Unless the Israelis were freed, Forsberg promised to call, with two weeks' notice, a 24-hour global strike. There is some question whether the members would authorize a strike, however, and U Thant, who met with

the pilots at week's end, complained that "such a step would not produce the desired result."

What steps can possibly be taken to end the hijackings before they result in a major disaster? One useful measure may be the International Civil Aviation Organization's 1963 Tokyo Convention, which was ratified by the U.S. only last week, and will go into effect this fall. The convention calls for the prompt return of hijacked airliners and passengers. Most airline officials would like to strengthen the agreement by providing for the extradition and severe punishment of hijackers as a matter of course. Even so, any country can get around extradition by granting hijackers "political asylum"—as Cuba has done regularly. Only last week, hijackers bound for Castro's island boldly seized two Ecuadorian military transports on a flight out of Quito. When one crewman put up a fight they shot him dead.

Ultimately, there is no sure solution for the simple reason that, like almost everything else in the modern technological world, a passenger-filled jet flying at 30,000 ft. is highly vulnerable.

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TEXTBOOK COUP IN A DESERT KINGDOM

It was a textbook coup. At 3 a.m., shortly before the most faithful Moslems would answer the call to early morning prayers, columns of trucks loaded with troops rolled through Tripoli, spearheaded by British-made Centurion tanks. Swiftly, soldiers surrounded army headquarters, the security police building, the Royal Palace and the national radio station. Teleprinters in the national news agency fell silent. The borders were sealed tight, and at the airports, controllers got orders to suspend all air traffic indefinitely.

Libya had long been ripe for a coup. Flanked by socialist regimes in Algeria and Egypt, the kingdom was rolling in oil wealth, but much of it was being pocketed by corrupt officials. The country was ruled by a frail and feeble old man, King Idris, 79, who had offered to abdicate five years ago but was persuaded to stay on by the Cabinet. Crown Prince Hassan Rida, 40, obviously lacked the capacity for leadership. Even so, neither foreigners nor Libyans had expected the upheaval to come before the death of Idris, who is both the father of his country (with Britain as midwife) and the religious leader of the potent Senussi, a Moslem sect.

When Libyans woke on Monday morning last week, the radio had returned to the air and was blaring Sousa marches. Startled listeners were told that the King, who was at a Turkish spa being treated for poor circulation in his legs, had been overthrown and Parliament dissolved. The Kingdom of Libya, said Radio Tripoli, was now the "Libyan Arab Republic" controlled by a Revolutionary Council of army officers. An around-the-clock curfew was imposed.

Legalized Regime. Throughout the week, extreme secrecy was maintained, and almost no foreigners were allowed to cross the borders. Much of the coup seemed to be run by radio; an announcer would say which officials had been dismissed and which kept in office and all, amazingly, seemed to obey. Only one name was given prominence in connection with the coup—Colonel Saaduddin Abu Shewirib, who was made the army's new Chief of Staff. Shewirib, who is in his 30s, studied at the U.S. Army Command and General Staff College at Fort Leavenworth. Sacked from the army in 1967 because he was suspected of republican sympathies, he has since worked as a notary public—prompting some wits to point out that he could legalize his own regime. If it is his regime. Reports in some Arab capitals said that Shewirib was merely a front man.

There were other puzzling aspects. While Radio Tripoli proclaimed "a revolutionary Libya, a socialist Libya," representatives of the 40-odd foreign oil companies (38 of them American) were

assured on two separate occasions that their investments were safe. U.S., British and French diplomats heard promises of friendship and good faith. At the British airbase at El Adem, near Tobruk, and at the huge, \$100 million Wheelus airbase, manned by some 3,000 Americans, the commanders tactfully suspended training flights, and the new regime requested that the flights remain suspended "temporarily." In every case, the spokesmen for the new regime were junior officers—lieutenants and captains. Nobody could be sure whether they were the shock troops of the revolution or its leaders. One rea-



IDRIS DISPLACED IN DAMASCUS EMBASSY
Who are the faceless, nameless men?

son for the secrecy may be the fact that the intellectual elite in Libya is so small, and most of its personalities so well known, that the mere naming of the new Cabinet will indicate whether the regime is pro-Nasserite, Marxist, or middle of the road. One rumor had it that the actual leader is a civilian, which could point toward Abdel Hamid Bakhoum, an ex-Prime Minister and a bright, progressive, nationalist lawyer.

Urban Bedouin. What is at stake is a sparsely populated nation more than twice the size of Texas and even more desolate in appearance. The Turks ruled Libya from the mid-16th century until 1912, when Italy gained the upper hand. The British administered the country from the end of World War II until independence in 1951. Once one of the poorest of Arab lands, Libya has become one of the wealthiest since vast re-

serves of oil were discovered a decade ago. In 1960, Libya's exports consisted of such commodities as esparto grass, olive oil, sponges and camels, and amounted to a paltry \$8,500,000. Last year the figure rose to more than \$1 billion, 99% of it from oil. Libya now pumps more than 3,000,000 barrels of oil a day, and before long it is expected to overtake Iran and Venezuela to rank third among the world's oil-producing nations, after the U.S. and the Soviet Union.

The country's sudden wealth has disrupted social patterns, and relatively little has trickled down to its 1,800,000 people. The vast oil industry employs only 8,000 workers and technicians, many of them foreigners. Only 2% of the land is under cultivation, and even workable farm land has been ignored as inflation, and the illusory promise of jobs spurred an exodus from the countryside. Even the nomad Bedouins have left the desert to live in the filth-ridden shantytowns that now encircle Tripoli and Benghazi. What little industry or trade exists, besides the oil business, is mainly controlled by Italians.

Docile King. Only in education had King Idris' government done a good job—and that may have backfired. When new schools were built, there were not enough competent Libyan teachers to staff them. The shortage was eased by importing Egyptians, many of whom were aflame with Nasserite notions of Arab unity and socialism. During the brief periods when the curfew was lifted last week, young men in Tripoli swarmed out to cheer the revolution, and schoolgirls built triumphal arches of branches and flowers on scores of streets. Libyan embassies in Damascus, Rome and Athens were seized by young Libyan students and officers studying abroad.

At week's end, the Revolutionary Council confirmed that its troops had occupied Benghazi, the principal city of Cyrenaica in eastern Libya and stronghold of King Idris and his Senussi sect. The continuation of the curfew suggested that the rebels might be encountering opposition, possibly from the more than 6,000-man British-trained Cyrenaican militia or the national police force, which is almost twice the size of the 10,000-man Libyan army. Radio Tripoli was heard urging rebel troops to seize the "police helicopters" and to "be ready to counter any internal and external acts against the republic."

There were no signs of such acts, however, from King Idris and his small retinue. The ailing monarch paid a \$24,000 tab at his Turkish spa and moved on to a Greek one at Kammerna Vourla, near Thermopylae, where he booked 36 rooms for a 20-day visit. Would he return to Libya? He let it be known through aides that he would, if the regime permitted. If not, he said, rather poignantly, "somewhere in the world there will be a place for me to live."

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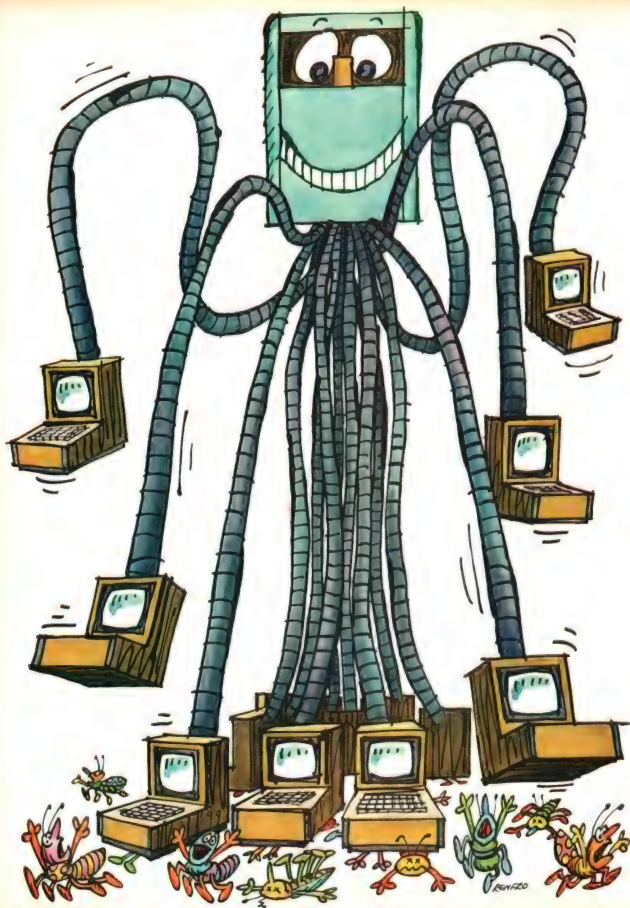


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GHANA

Friday's Child

An honor guard in scarlet tunics and pillbox hats lined the drive leading to the modern statehouse in Accra last week as vintage Rolls-Royces purred up to the door. Inside, trumpets pealed while a stately procession of officers in scarlet or blue uniforms and bewigged justices in red robes followed the gold sword of state. Mounting a dais, Brigadier Akwasi Afrifa, 33, and two other officers were sworn in as members of a new, three-man presidential commission. Then Afrifa administered the oath of office to Dr. Kofi Abrefa Busia, the new Premier, impetuously raising Busia's arm in a fighter's victory gesture. Except for that forgivable breach of decorum, Ghana ushered in the second republic in its brief history with pomp and pageantry worthy of its former British rulers.

Free Elections. Ghana's first republic founded under Kwame Nkrumah, the megalomaniacal coxcomb who called himself "Osagyefo" (Redeemer), Nkrumah was toppled 44 months ago and sent into exile in nearby Guinea. He is living there on the interest that Guinea is paying on a \$2,400,000 loan made during his administration. Since he was deposed, Ghana has been ruled by the National Liberation Council, a six-member coterie of army and police officers. Anxious to return the country to civilian rule, the council convened a constituent assembly last January and ordered that elections be held.

From the moment the campaign began in May, it was clear that only two of the original 15 registered parties had a chance. One was the Progress Party headed by Busia, 55, a sociology professor who spent much of the Nkrumah era in voluntary exile. The other was the National Alliance of Liberals (N.A.L.), led by Komla A. Gbedemah, 56, who was Nkrumah's Finance Minister until the Redeemer turned against him and forced

him into exile in 1961. Sophisticated poll watchers expected a close battle. Not the local soothsayers; Busia's first name, after all, means "Friday's Child" in the Akan language, and the voting was held on Friday. The soothsayers proved right. An impressive 60% of the 2,300,000 registered voters turned out, and the Progressives made it a runaway, capturing 105 seats in the National Assembly to 29 for the N.A.L. and six for smaller parties and independents.

Tribal Appeals. From his exile in Guinea, Nkrumah blamed "completely rigged" elections for the N.A.L.'s disastrous showing. The party's leaders knew better. To ensure fair elections, the military council had appointed one of Ghana's most distinguished judges to head an election commission. There were triple-sealed tin ballot boxes and acid baths for destroying unused ballots. A major reason for Busia's overwhelming majority was that both parties appealed for tribal support—and got it. The Akans, among whom Busia is a royal prince, are four times as numerous in Ghana as the Ewe tribe, to which his adversary Gbedemah belongs.

"On the surface," says Busia, "I like to appear gentle. But I can be tough if it requires." The premier, a quiet man whom followers refer to as "The Prof" may have to get tough. Living costs and unemployment are spiraling, not to mention the birthrate. Worst of all, Nkrumah's rule left Ghana with \$1.45 billion in debts and badly in need of foreign investment.

BRAZIL

Camouflaging the Braid

Despite deep misgivings, Brazil's military regime was planning to restore a measure of civilian government this week. It would have been the first relaxation of the harsh measures imposed last December, when the constitution was scrapped, Congress closed and a sweeping purge launched against critics of the military. Last week, the prospect of even a limited return to civilian rule abruptly vanished. President Arthur da Costa e Silva, 66, suffered a stroke that left him partially paralyzed on his right side and unable to speak. Physicians said his prognosis was "fairly good," meaning that in time he may recover partially. But his hopes of announcing on Sept. 7, Brazil's Independence Day, a revised constitution and reopening Congress had been dashed. In Costa's place arrived a triumvirate of military service chiefs, who announced their intention to rule "until the President has recovered."

The chiefs were three of the President's strongest supporters—Army General Aurélio de Lyra Tavares, Air Marshal Márcia de Souza e Mello and Navy Admiral Augusto Hamann Rademaker Grunewald. It was they who had backed the old army marshal last December, when he suspended civilian rule. Moving smoothly and unhesitatingly, the triumvirate declared a "state



LYRA TAVARES

Careful about the profile.

of alert," temporarily closed down banks and blithely brushed aside Vice President Pedro Aleixo, a civilian lawyer who would normally have replaced an incapacitated President.

Shuck the Braid. The triumvirate was careful to maintain a low political profile. Taking power, they shucked their gold braid in favor of business suits. Foreign Minister Magalhães Pinto announced that they were governing "with the approval of the President," and added that "this is not a junta."

How long the non-junta will be content to play a caretaker role will depend not only on Costa e Silva's progress but also on the ambitions of its members. They vary considerably. Rademaker, 64, is a rigid right-winger who had helped lead the military's 1964 coup against left-leaning President João Goulart, but has done little political maneuvering since. Technically, he is the senior man in the group, but he ranks an easy third in power and ambition. Souza, 63, is a hard-core rightist who is not likely to play a major political role. Lyra Tavares, 63, is the strongest, has the best political sense and is the most widely admired of the three. He came up through the engineers corps—traditionally the army's "intellectual" branch—and has degrees in both law and engineering. He does not now appear to be pressing for leadership, but that could be a wise play rather than an indication of his ultimate goal. Were he to emerge too early as an aspirant to the presidency, he might not survive in Brazil's military-political jungle.

The prospects are that the triumvirate will quietly scrap Costa's plan for a revised constitution and a civilian Congress. For the present, Lyra Tavares can be expected to pursue Costa e Silva's role as a "moderator" in fending off the Young Turk officers who want the military to clamp an even firmer grip on the country. That is a task that may grow more difficult now that the original moderator has been muted.



PREMIER BUSIA

A little pomp for the Prof.

WEST GERMANY

The Führer's Master Builder

The ritual rarely varied. After an evening of movies in the Reichskanzlei, Adolf Hitler led his guests along a special path to an adjoining building. By flashlight he escorted them into the workroom of his personal architect, Albert Speer. There the Führer, throwing off his customary stiffness, often kept his guests until 3 a.m., describing every detail of the new Berlin that he and Speer were secretly designing.

Here would be the central "Street of Splendor," which would surpass the Champs Elysées in elegance. At the end of the street would be the new railroad station, more magnificent than Manhattan's Grand Central Terminal. There would be the Führer Palace, with a reception hall 500 yards long, and a triumphal arch twice as wide as Napoleon's. Over everything would loom the Kuppelhalle, a domed meeting hall vast enough to enclose St. Peter's Cathedral. "I would never have entered politics,"



SPEER AT CASTLE WOLFSBRUNNENWEG
A lesson for the younger generation.

the Führer would sigh, "if I could have been an architect or a master builder."

The Street of Splendor, of course, was never built. Hitler perished in the ruins of old Berlin. But Albert Speer, who was later promoted to Minister in charge of all German war industry, survived to stand trial at Nürnberg and spent 20 years in Spandau prison for using slave labor. He completed his term in 1966 and returned to his home, Castle Wolfsbrunneng, on a hill above the Neckar River in Heidelberg. Speer was 28 when he became Hitler's architect, 36 when he was appointed Munitions Minister, 41 when he entered Spandau. Today he is a white-haired 64-year-old whom Heidelbergers refer to—incoherently, since he never held military rank—as "the general up there."

Smuggled Remembrances. This week Speer's memoirs, after three years of polishing and editing, will be published. British Historian H. R. Trevor-Roper once said that Speer would be the only Nazi memoirs worth reading, since he was the brightest of the group and the only man at Nürnberg who felt any sense of guilt. "I wrote this book primarily for the younger generation," Speer told TIME Correspondent Peter Range. "I intended it not only to portray the past but to warn about the future." Since his own six children would

be affected by his renewed notoriety, he gave them veto rights over its publication. After reading the first draft of the 525-page text, they insisted that it should be published.

Speer decided on the book when he was captured by the Allies. In Spandau, he wrote secretly in tight script on pieces of cardboard, tobacco paper, and even toilet tissue. A friendly jailer smuggled 1,400 pages of remembrances out for him. "I had all day to think in the garden," he recalls. "Then I could write every night until my hand just hurt too much." At Castle Wolfsbrunneng today, 36 filing cabinets hold paper scraps, letters, old files and 125 architect's sketches made by Hitler for the grand plan of Berlin.

Speer joined the Nazi party in 1931. After performing odd jobs, he was offered an opportunity to remodel a party headquarters building in Berlin. Then he was hired to work personally for Hitler. "I was 28 years old," he says. "I sold my soul like Faust to be able to build something great. In Hitler I found my Mephistopheles."

Final Act. Speer became part of the Nazi inner circle and was invited to join Hitler at his eyrie near Obersalzberg in the Alps above Berchtesgaden. Visits there were a numbing ordeal. Long lunches were followed by short walks to Hitler's Alpine tea-house for tea and cookies. Hitler carefully avoided sweets. "Imagine me with a paunch," he would say. "It would be political suicide." The Führer was prone to fall asleep in the middle of his own monologues.

Speer evokes one memorable night at Obersalzberg. It was Aug. 23, 1939. Hitler had just received a telegram from Stalin agreeing to the nonaggression pact that set the stage for the invasion of Poland nine days later. An unusual polar light flooded the sky and, Speer writes, "the final act of the *Götterdämmerung* could not have been staged with greater effect. All our faces and hands cast off an unnatural red glow. Abruptly Hitler turned to one of his military adjutants and said: 'That looks like much blood. This time it won't come off without violence.'"

Broken Bridges. After Munitions Minister Fritz Todt was killed in a plane crash in February 1942, Speer was selected to succeed him. As Minister, he found himself constantly battling colleagues. Almost at war's end, SS Leader Heinrich Himmler was using scarce materials to build a country house for his mistress. Speer's plea for women workers was vetoed by Hitler, at Martin Bormann's suggestion, on the grounds that it would keep them from producing good Aryan offspring. Half a million Ukrainian girls were brought into Germany instead, to become servants in the homes of Nazi functionaries.

After Stalingrad, Hitler stayed up later and later as insomnia overcame him. Meals, which had once been merely lengthy, now became distasteful. Hitler, a vegetarian, insisted on describing the meat soup served to his tablemates

as "corpse tea." Along with Eva Braun, Hitler said, his only true friend was his German shepherd Blondi. When the dog acted friendly toward other people, the Führer would angrily order it to heel.

Each setback in the war brought the same reaction from Hitler: "We can only go forward. The bridges behind us are broken." The Führer belabored his generals openly as "notorious liars as well as notorious cowards," and took charge of the war himself. He refused to allow Speer to build jet fighters to defend Germany against Allied aircraft, wanted jet bombers instead to attack the enemy. He persuaded Speer to develop the V-2 rocket. "It was probably one of the greatest errors I made," Speer writes. "We should have concentrated our efforts on the production of the ground-to-air missile."

That was not Speer's only error. One day a friend, confused and stuttering, ad-



WITH HITLER, STUDYING DESIGNS (1937)
A Faust who found his Mephistopheles.

vised Speer never to accept an invitation to visit a concentration camp in Upper Silesia. He had seen things there, he said, that he dared not describe. "I did not pursue the matter. I did not want to know what was happening there. He must have been talking about Auschwitz. From that moment on, I was inextricably involved in these crimes because, out of fear that I might discover something which would have forced me to certain steps, I shut my eyes. Because I failed then, I still today feel very personally responsible for Auschwitz."

Of all Speer's work, nothing remains except the Zeppelinfeld Stadium in Nürnberg, where Speer created Europe's first light-and-sound spectacles during pre-war party rallies. "I am glad none of my plans were realized," he says today. Speer would like to practice architecture again, but because of his past he is unlikely to get commissions. He accepts the situation. "In the life of the state, there is responsibility for your own area. Beyond this, there has to be a collective responsibility for the decisive things if you are among the leaders."

Why we're dropping The New York Times

Last week the Times said it would accept cigarette ads only if they contain (1) a health caution notice, and (2) "tar" and nicotine figures.

We don't go along with this.

We offered to take our ads off TV and radio because of the claim that those media unavoidably reach large numbers of children.

We did not take that action because we agree with anticigarette crusaders (including The New York Times) who would like to blame cigarettes for the thousand and one ills that flesh is heir to.

Sure there are statistics associating lung cancer and cigarettes. There are statistics associating lung cancer with divorce, and even with lack of sleep. But no scientist has produced clinical or biological proof that cigarettes cause the diseases they are accused of causing. After fifteen years of trying, nobody has induced lung cancer in animals with cigarette smoke.

We believe the anticigarette theory is a bum rap. And each time the Congress of the United States has held Hearings on the cigarette controversy, distinguished, independent scientists have gone to Washington to say so.

Therefore, we are not going to knuckle under to the Times or anybody else who tries to force us to accept a theory which, in the opinion of men who should know, is half-baked.

In 1884, the New York Times said:

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We think the New York Times was wrong in 1884. We think it is wrong in 1969.



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PEOPLE

There was Walter Matthau playing top banana on the set of Paramount's *A New Leaf*, clowning around between takes in a fright wig that combined the best of Geronimo with the worst of Phyllis Diller. But once the cameras start rolling, insists Walter, he is strictly supporting cast for the film's director, scriptwriter and female lead. And who might they be? "They," all rolled into one neat package, happen to be Writer-Comedienne Elaine May, who is now going into moviemaking in a big way. What's more, says Matthau, Elaine is "a tough little lady. Deviate by one single comma, and you find out who is in supreme authority." So how come he got into the movie in the first place? "A little fellow who may or may not have been a producer convinced me to do it," deadpanned Matthau. "I never saw him again. Maybe Elaine ate him."

"The other night I woke with a blissful feeling and discovered I had been dreaming that the whole goddam place had burned down," read the letter to President Kennedy in 1961. "I dozed off again, hoping for a headline saying no survivors." J.F.K.'s correspondent was John Kenneth Galbraith, U.S. Ambassador to India, and "the whole place," naturally enough, was the State Department in Washington. The diaries of the acerbic Harvard economist, to be published in the October issue of *American Heritage*, contain some other fascinating passages, notably an account of Jackie Kennedy's state visit to India ("The President had told me that the care and management of Mrs. Kennedy involved a good deal of attention, and he is quite right.") But the best parts involve his never-ending feud with his superiors in Foggy Bottom. Wrote Galbraith in 1961, as tensions were rising between India and Pakistan: "One of our carriers brought twelve supersonic jets to Karachi, where they were unloaded in all the secrecy that would attend mass sodomy on the IMF at rush hour." On Secretary of State Dean Rusk: "He is so firmly fixed in my mind as a cautious, self-constricted man that I delight in actions that will disturb him." Concludes Galbraith: "The State Department has a sense of tradition. It believes that because we had a poor foreign policy under Truman and Eisenhower, we should have a poor one under Kennedy. No one can complain about that."

His wife found him weak after an eight-day hunger strike but still eager for news of Paris' art and cinema circles and of the moon landing. "If I were with you in Paris," Régis Debray said to Wife Elizabeth, "we would have spent all night seeing this marvel." In his second year of imprisonment for guerrilla activities in Bolivia, the French intellectual says that he is in virtual soli-



WALTER MATTHAU
Second banana.

tary confinement and went on strike "because there is no possibility of breathing as I am locked up inside all day long." Elizabeth Debray was denied an audience with Bolivia's President Salinas to discuss better treatment for her husband. "I fear," Debray told his wife, "that we will all be transferred to a place in the middle of the jungle where conditions are inhuman."

It took one Italian housewife just a year to move from the kitchen to control of a successful leather-goods company. Now she's planning a recording session and thinking about her first movie—and who knows? Of course, Maria



MARIA & DAUGHTERS
Second sister.

Scicolone Mussolini, 31-year-old mother of two, has a couple of uncommon advantages. Her husband is Jazz Pianist Romano Mussolini, Benito's son, and the familiar surname may have helped to make her shoes and handbags all the rage in Rome. In the same circular way, it may help sell records. The movie? Well, Maria is also Sophia Loren's kid sister, and Italian, French and American producers have not been slow to note the family resemblance.

A weather-beaten, century-old farmhouse overlooking the St. George River near Cushing, Me., is one of the most familiar structures in America. Called "the Olson farm," it stands bleak and solitary above a brown-grass hillside in Andrew Wyeth's acclaimed and much reproduced painting, *Christina's World*. Now the house belongs to Hollywood Producer Joe Levine (*Two Women, Divorce—Italian Style*), who owns 13 Wyeths and has just paid \$30,000 so that the house can be preserved and restored as a Wyeth museum. The producer and his wife paid a visit to Cushing to sign the papers, and Wyeth was so delighted that he and his wife engaged the Levines in an impromptu dance on the front lawn. Inside, Wyeth tore off a piece of wallpaper bearing his design for a new studio and presented it to his admirer. Grinning, he said, "Now you have 14, Joe."

Ill lay: Senate Minority Leader Everett McKinley Dirksen, 73, "resting well" at Walter Reed Hospital in Washington after surgeons removed the tumorous upper lobe of his right lung (a biopsy proved the growth malignant, but surgeons think that they got it all, believe no further treatment will be necessary); James F. Byrnes, 90, former Secretary of State, Supreme Court Justice, Democratic Senator from and Governor of South Carolina, at Baptist Hospital in Columbia, S.C., recuperating and off the critical list after a near-fatal heart attack; Ford Motor Co. Vice President Benson Ford, 50, rushed from his office to Henry Ford Hospital by brother Henry II and under observation after a reported "angina attack."

Only last month Abe Fortas said that his forced resignation from the Supreme Court in May made him feel "as if an automobile hit me as I stepped off the curb." Now the ex-Justice seems to be recuperating. According to friends, he will resume practicing law early this fall with an impressive list of corporate clients in Boston and New York. None of the corporations said to be involved have ever been represented by Fortas' old law firm. Arnold & Porter, which decided against taking him back after the Supreme Court affair—though his wife Carolyn is still a partner. "He lined up some big, lucrative retainers," reports a friend. "And suddenly his whole emotional outlook had changed. He knew he didn't have to give up the law."

The Legend of 100 Pipers

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you hear one Piper.
If the Scotch
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If smooth, five
or six.
But if the Scotch
is truly noble,
you'll hear
one hundred Pipers
gently piping.


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one thousand.



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Here, in these four pictures taken on-the-spot as actual orders were being executed at the New York Stock Exchange, you see just some of the ways that your order goes through the highly competitive auction market, from the bidding of brokers to the recording of your trade.

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1. Centralizing all trading in a listed stock in one spot—at the trading post. Nobody is trading that stock anywhere else on the floor at a different price.
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It isn't easy to go to work underwater. There's a lot of pressure. At only 200 feet with compressed air you feel like a senseless drunk. Go deeper and it can kill you.

Union Carbide's Ocean Systems, Inc. has developed a helium oxygen mixture that allows divers to do a job even below 600 feet. We're experimenting with other gas mixtures to eliminate the squeaky duck-like voice that hampers underwater talk.

We designed and operate habitats that allow men to swim in for a little coffee break 600 feet under. And then go back to work without wasting time with decom-

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Ocean Systems has a lot of men under a lot of water a lot of the time. And not just fishing around. But working on practical jobs.

We have divers assisting in oil exploration off the coast of four continents, welding pipelines at the mouth of the Mississippi, inspecting cables sitting on the ocean floor.

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The world knows more about the back of the moon than about the bottom of the sea. But if we can help put a man a quarter of a million miles away, we're not going to let a little water keep us up.



THE DISCOVERY COMPANY

RELIGION

Death in the Wilderness

CHRIST was tempted by Satan in the wilderness of Judah, so the Bible says, and James Pike, the determined to go there too—"to meditate," as his wife wistfully recalled later, "and get a firsthand feeling of it." For the one-time Episcopal Bishop of California, it was just one more unusual adventure in a remarkably strange career (see following story). As always, he was anxious to get on with it. No matter that it was 1 o'clock on a hot Monday afternoon, hardly the time to set out into the blistering, arid desert. James Pike, 56, and his wife Diane, 31, hopped into their rented white Ford Cortina, armed only with two bottles of Coca-Cola, sunglasses, a small camera and a map, and drove out of East Jerusalem into the wilderness.

The Pikes had been in the Holy Land since the previous Friday, and, as usual, the trip was part pleasure, part busi-

ness and part quest. For four years, Pike had been working on a new book on the historical Jesus, and he had recently agreed to make a movie on the subject with TV Star David Frost. Pike had wanted to forage in Jerusalem bookstalls, search for new meanings in the Dead Sea Scrolls, and walk, said his wife, "where Jesus walked."

After taking a dirt road across the desert toward Qumran, where the first Dead Sea Scrolls were found, the Pikes missed a turn and wound up instead driving down a gray sandstone wadi (dry creek bed). When large rocks kept them from going farther, they tried in vain to turn the car around. Then, ignoring an old desert rule, they abandoned their vehicle to search for help. Two hours later, James Pike could walk no farther. "If we are going to die in the desert," Diane recalled telling him, "I will stay by you." The two napped; then

Mrs. Pike decided after all to try to reach help. "I really thought we'd both die," she remembers, "so Jim and I said goodbye to each other." She walked all night, guided only by moonlight. Once, hemmed in by sheer canyon walls, she had to scale an almost vertical cliff while "simply hanging from the rocks." Later, on a steep downhill grade, she was so exhausted she simply lay down and rolled until she stopped. Finally, near dawn, some Gaza Arabs working on a new road heard her weak cries of "Shalom!" and found her. Taken to Bethlehem and treated, she led a 30-man police platoon that afternoon in search of her husband.

Countless Caves. Spiraling out from the abandoned Cortina, the searchers poked through canyons and wadis leading down toward the Dead Sea. They found a piece of the map Pike had been carrying, but no sign of Pike himself. Eventually, a total of 100 Israeli border policemen, a helicopter and a Piper Cub joined in the search. Assuming that Pike would have sought refuge from the sun, the searchers peered into countless caves along the canyon walls. Philadelphia Seer Arthur Ford, the medium through whom Pike once claimed he had contacted his dead son, called Diane Pike in Jerusalem to tell her he had a vision of her husband, "alive but sick," in a cave not far from where she had left him. But the police insisted that they had already searched all the caves in the vicinity.

At the end of the third day, the Israelis abandoned the official search, declaring that there was no longer any real hope that James Albert Pike would be found alive. But volunteers kept searching, spurred on by Diane, who steadfastly refused to give up hope. She was encouraged by messages from other mediums, who reported visions of Pike still alive in a cave. The visions proved to be false. Sunday morning, on a rock two miles from where Diane had last seen her husband seven days earlier, an Israeli border policeman found the body of James Pike.

A Life on the Brink

Nothing that James Pike touched seemed quite the same thereafter. People, ideas, institutions: none of them was immune to the intensity of his presence. All his life he pushed himself at such a headlong pace into anything new—a new project, a new theory, a new friendship—that he often seemed to be on the verge of a nervous breakdown. His role was to sting minds, being provocative rather than profound. His life was one of dazzling transitions that sometimes made him seem unstable—from attorney to churchman, from Catholic to Protestant, from bishop to dropout. Recently he had turned spiritualist. His last transition—his disappearance and almost certain death in the Judean desert—was the strangest of all.

A life so intense must exact its costs. Pike read, wrote and talked about theology, but he seldom had time to do



DIANE PIKE AND ISRAELI BORDER POLICE SEARCHING JUDEAN DESERT



SIPPING WATER



FIGHTING TEARS



BREAKING DOWN

A wrong turn, an old desert rule ignored.

his own serious thinking. Although books poured out of his typewriter as fast as words clicked off his tongue, he was not a theologian but a publicist of theology. His pace took its toll in personal as well as intellectual terms. He admitted at one point that he had become an alcoholic. He chain-smoked so frantically that he sometimes had two or three cigarettes going at the same time. But in recent years he had quit both alcohol and tobacco cold.

There were deep personal troubles. His 25-year marriage to Esther Yanofsky Pike, his second wife, ended in divorce in 1967. Less explicable in terms of his own energetic personality, but even more tragic, were the suicides of two people close to him. One had been Pike's personal secretary and close friend. The other was his 20-year-old eldest son, James Jr., who shot himself in a New York hotel in 1966. Not long after that tragedy, Pike began involving himself in psychic research and spiritualism. His efforts to reach his dead son were unabashedly and painfully recorded in his most recent book, *The Other Side*, which he wrote with Diane Kennedy, later to be his third wife.

Glib Sermons. Pike's earlier interest in religion was far more prosaic. Raised a Roman Catholic, he rejected Roman Catholicism in college, drifted into agnosticism, and married briefly (the marriage was later annulled by the Episcopal Church). He became a lawyer and joined the Securities and Exchange Commission in Washington. Religion did not re-enter his life until after his second marriage, when as a wartime Navy intelligence officer he started going to church again—the Episcopal Church. A deacon by war's end, Pike zipped through heady advanced courses at Manhattan's Union Theological Seminary, and was ordained in 1946.

By 1949, Pike was at Columbia as university chaplain and head of a religion department that had no courses. When he left three years later to become dean of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, the department had Paul Tillich as an adjunct professor and a full complement of 32 courses. At St. John's, Pike became a celebrity and regularly drew thousands to his glib Sunday sermons. Although his belief remained "smooth orthodoxy" (he helped write an Episcopal doctrinal handbook that is still in use), he gradually became an outspoken social activist. When he rejected a degree in "white divinity," as he put it, from the segregated Sewanee School of Theology, the Episcopal trustees helatelly desegregated the school. His early concern for civil rights was one of the forces that helped shape the Episcopal liberalism so apparent in the church's convention last week.

In 1958 Pike was consecrated Bishop of California, moved to San Francisco's long-uncompleted Grace Cathedral, and soon raised funds to finish it. It was in Grace, at Pike's invitation, that Presbyterian Eugene Carson Blake first proposed the Protestant unification

plan that has since become the nine-church Consultation on Church Union.

What may well have been Pike's most important legacy to his church, paradoxically, was the result of his "heresy." He had started publicly to drift away from orthodox Episcopal interpretations in 1960, and by 1964 had gall enough to use the pulpit of Manhattan's revered Trinity Church to call the doctrine of the Trinity "excess baggage." Calling for "more belief, fewer beliefs," he was willing to trim down the Credo in favor of a few basic truths: the importance of imitating Christ, for instance, as "the man for others." Often accused of heresy by fellow clerics, Pike narrowly escaped a trial in the House of Bishops in 1966. As a result of the 1966 effort, a study group head-

ROBERT F. CARSON



BISHOP JAMES PIKE
Intensity was the genius.

ed by Bishop Stephen F. Bayne virtually threw the entire concept of heresy out of the Episcopal Church.

Toward the end, Pike had retreated from the church. In 1966 he resigned as Bishop of California and became a fellow of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in California. A squabble over his 1967 divorce and remarriage last year put him at odds with his friend, Bishop C. Kilmer Myers, who had succeeded him in San Francisco. Finally, he and his third wife, Diane, declared that they were leaving the church—"a dying institution"—altogether. In Santa Barbara they established a Foundation for Religious Transition for others who were leaving organized religion. Yet the church he had repudiated still carried Pike's name on the roster of its House of Bishops at last week's convention—which, even in disappearance, he once again upstaged.

Pike still thought of himself as a believing Christian. He questioned the Trinity and the Virgin Birth, but Jesus was still, for him, a remarkable man in whom God had "broken through"—a breakthrough, he felt, that all men should seek in their own lives. He dabbled in parapsychology, but in his confident vi-

sion of a personal afterlife, he loved to cite *Psalms* 84 to describe death as going "from strength to strength." Despite the strangeness of his recent activities, friends say that he seemed happy, rested and, as usual, eagerly involved in his latest project. In a sense, it was part of an old pattern that the Right Reverend James A. Pike, once again on the brink of something new, should perish in the wilderness of the Judean desert, looking for Jesus.

EPISCOPALIANS

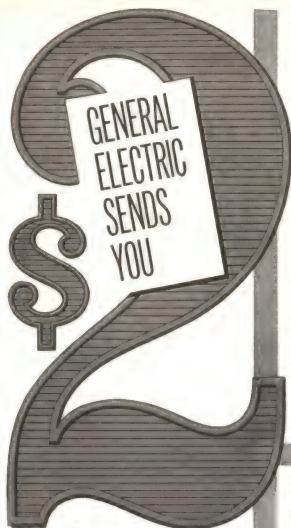
A Commitment to Battle

Wearing a yellow and green dashiki, the Rev. Junius Carter, rector of Pittsburgh's Holy Cross Church, trembled with emotion as he looked out from the speaker's lectern at the delegates assembled in Notre Dame University's domed athletic center. "Too long, bishops, you have sat on the sidelines and have not acted as our pastors!" he shouted. "I urge you to intervene at this convention and exercise the authority that has been given you by our Lord."

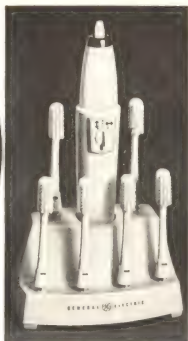
The effect was electric. In a climax to three days of acrimonious debate at the Episcopal Church's Special General Convention, the delegates reversed an earlier decision and voted (404 to 222) to provide \$200,000 to the moderate National Committee of Black Churchmen. In taking the action, delegates knew that the money was intended eventually to reach the coffers of James Forman's Black Economic Development Conference. The Episcopal Church thus became the first major denomination to recognize—however indirectly—the "reparation" demands enunciated in Forman's Black Manifesto (TIME, May 16). Even this did not quite satisfy the militants. "The action is a political compromise," said the Rev. Frederick B. Williams, who accused the convention of channeling funds through the Black Churchmen "to avoid honestly facing" Forman.

Flowered Crosses. The convention was also remarkable in other ways. Each of the nation's 107 dioceses had been invited to send, in addition to the regular delegations, one youth, one woman, and one member of other minority groups as nonvoting participants. The guests soon radicalized the convention, making the issues of racism and Viet Nam its dominant themes.

Throughout the week's meetings, gaily dressed youths stood in the arena's bleachers, holding hands and taking turns quietly reading the names of all the Viet Nam war dead. At one point, the Bishop of California, the Rt. Rev. C. Kilmer Myers, introduced a procession of priests and youths bearing antiwar signs and wooden crosses aglow with psychedelic flowers and asked for "spiritual sanctuary" (for two AWOL soldiers who had flown from Hawaii to the convention. Clearly the U.S. Episcopal Church, which for years has been a leader in the fight for change, was now ready to commit itself even more fully to the battle.



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GENERAL  ELECTRIC

EDUCATION

Prospects for Peace, Plans for Defense

AS the nation's 7,100,000 college students prepare to return to classes, the question is not whether there will be calm on the campuses but whether the continuing protest wave can be kept below tidal proportions. TIME interviews at a score of institutions last week indicated that many university administrators expect renewed unrest, but they hope that defensive tactics developed from the cruel experiences of recent years, plus concessions to legitimate student demands, will prevent violence and the disruption of entire universities. At Dartmouth, Dean Carroll Brewster was discussing prospects for the fall when a loud noise outside his office window interrupted him. "That's a car, not a shot," he quickly assured his visitor. "I hope it's still a car come October."

In the view of many adults, youth has less to protest about this year than last. Some U.S. troops have been withdrawn from Viet Nam, and presumably more will follow. ROTC is being reduced in status at some schools. Students in many places are gaining a stronger voice in university affairs. Yet to many young people, the pace of change is too slow. The war, the draft, racial tension and poverty still linger. Each class of incoming freshmen in recent years has been more militant than the last: this year's is expected to be no different.

Over the summer, Sam Brown, a former McCarthy campaign aide, has organized a "Viet Nam Moratorium Committee." The group is urging students and faculty across the country to boycott classes on October 15 and devote the day to demonstrating against the war. If the boycott is successful, it will be expanded each month—two days in November, three in December and so on. Separate antiwar demonstrations are planned for the streets of Chicago in October by the dominant wing of Students for a Democratic Society and by the National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Viet Nam. Both could easily stimulate sympathy moves on campus—especially if Mayor Richard Daley's police repeat their performance of August 1968.

Issue of Institutional Racism

Increasingly, students are also taking up more local causes. Says Charles Palmer, 22, new president of the National Students Association: "Viet Nam will still be important, but I think more and more people will be raising the issue of institutional racism." At Duke, for example, Chancellor Pro-Tem Barnes Woodhall expects students to become involved in efforts to unionize the black nonprofessional employees.

The Progressive Labor wing of SDS is turning away from on-campus, student-oriented issues like ROTC and coming to the aid, instead, of oppressed minority groups in the surrounding community. At Michigan, Berkeley and Wisconsin, other radical students and teaching assistants are organizing rent strikes over what they consider to be substandard and overpriced off-campus housing. Efforts such as these could wash back on the universities themselves.

In past years, disorders frequently got out of hand because administrations

like those at several other institutions, are pleased with the way the court-injunction method worked last spring and plan to repeat the tactic if faced with another building takeover. Yale's strategy, which has been cleared by the faculty, calls first for negotiation, then for police. Many college presidents are reluctant to spell out their tactics clearly in advance, presumably on the theory that uncertainty keeps dissidents off balance. Granville Sawyer, president of predominantly black Texas Southern University, for example, says that his approach involves "a gradual increase of pressure and force until the situation is resolved. I won't tell you how long we would let them occupy a building, but it certainly wouldn't be 24 hours."

Others have chosen to publicize their plans in detail. San Francisco State College President S. I. Hayakawa and San Francisco Mayor Joseph Alioto, for example, have jointly issued specific guidelines covering campus protest. The regulations, says Alioto, boil down to "dissent is violence no." Violence is defined to include physical blocking of a doorway and occupation of a building as well as throwing bricks and carrying guns. "The city will be prepared to act in advance of possible violence rather than reaction to it," promises Alioto. "We've seen too much of bayonets and huckshot in California."

Satisfying Student Demands

That students have had legitimate grievances is now almost universally accepted, and so is the proposition that reforms in advance of crises is the best long-term answer to unrest. The ultra-radicals, of course, can almost never be appeased. But they are relatively impotent if they can win no significant following among the less explosive majority. The concessions being made are therefore aimed at the moderates.

The universities of Wisconsin, Indiana and Minnesota, for example, will all begin black-studies programs for the first time this fall. The University of Iowa will have a new "action-studies program," whereby students can suggest curriculum changes. Northwestern University is including students in a new community council, with faculty and administrators to advise the president on all matters of university policy, and is also turning questions of discipline over to a student board empowered to conduct hearings and appeals on everything short of "major disasters." Cornell University mailed questionnaires to students, faculty and alumni seeking their nominations for a successor to James Perkins, who resigned the presidency after the crisis last spring. Last week the trustees filled the post with the man who was the preferred choice of all three groups, Provost Dale R. Corson, 55.

In an effort to close the generation



"REMEMBER WHEN IT WAS THE STUDENTS WHO DREADED THE START OF SCHOOL?"

and faculties were simply not adequately prepared to cope. That is changing. Many universities in recent months have been making firm plans to squelch force as a dissenter's weapon. By commencement time last June, some of the strategy seemed to be successful. Now the practice will be tested for a full school year.

Most administrators are determined to brook no violence. "We are making it clear this year," says University of Houston President Philip Hoffman, "that we are not going to hesitate to bring in the police or the district attorney whenever violence threatens property or life and limb." The University of Miami established a new security office last May; its first director, Fred Doerner Jr., a former legal counsel for the F.B.I., has since hired an assistant and 32 uniformed guards to patrol the campus round the clock.

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MEDICINE

gap, Maine, Lehigh, Princeton and Vanderbilt have all recently appointed trustees under 30 years old. Most of them are recent graduates. Several state legislatures are considering naming young people to the governing boards of state universities.

George H. Williams, president of American University in Washington, D.C., says he is "very optimistic" because his school has been reducing the number of required courses, encouraging pass-fail grading, and admitting students to the innermost councils of the administration. At Southern Methodist University in Dallas, President Willis Tate called two special conferences of alumni, faculty, administrators and students this summer to discuss "the crisis of the universities." Though the conferees concluded that Tate has the duty to use all necessary force to prevent campus disorder, they also established a student-faculty-administration committee to plan a thorough review and reorganization of the university's decision-making process.

Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth and Brandeis each has not one but two committees working on what is becoming known as "academic governance." Says Dartmouth's Dean Brewster: "Everyone should be given a fair chance to be heard on the critical issues, but the present structure of the college is simply not geared to hearing debate from all parts of the community." While they ponder problems of institutional organization, administrators are going out of their way to prove their tolerance of peaceful student dissent. Brandeis, for instance, has made the main lobby of the administration building available, round the clock, to demonstrators whenever they wish to stage a protest. The Brandeis lobby and similar areas at many other universities will probably not lack enthusiastic performers in the coming months.

CONTRACEPTION

Safety of the Pill

For the vast majority of women, the Pill is safe. That was the conclusion announced last week by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration after an exhaustive three-year, \$200,000 study by 18 medical experts. The FDA thus confirmed what responsible doctors had been saying earlier (TIME, May 2) in an effort to put to rest the sensational press and television reports about the dangers of oral contraceptives.

The FDA's advisory committee on obstetrics and gynecology, which conducted the study, did not gloss over the harmful side effects of the Pill. The increased risk of blood-clotting disorders in the 8,500,000 U.S. women who use the Pill, it noted, was 4.4 times the normal risk for women who do not, as against the seven- to ninefold risk that has been suggested by British researchers. These disorders have proved fatal to three out of every 100,000 women using the Pill. The doctors warned, once more, that the Pill should be taken only under a doctor's supervision and never by women with circulatory ailments or persistent headaches.

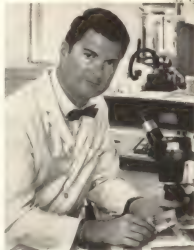
METABOLIC DISEASES

How to Detect

A Faulty Gene

Many babies have a standard reaction to a sudden, sharp noise. They fling up their arms, and thrust out their legs. This "startle response" normally disappears by the time a baby is four months old. But if it persists and gradually intensifies, it is probably an indication that the baby has Tay-Sachs disease. This is a rare genetic defect that leaves children completely paralyzed, deaf and blind by the time they are two, and is usually fatal by the age of four. Modern medicine knows no cure for Tay-Sachs (named for the physicians who first described the condition), but two scientists at the University of California's San Diego School of Medicine have now provided a means for detecting and avoiding it.

In a Tay-Sachs victim, the system fails to produce an enzyme crucial to a chemical process within cells: the metabolizing of fats (technically, "lipids"). As a result, excess fats accumulate in the brain cells and block normal activity. Earlier researchers suspected that the missing enzyme was hexosaminidase. Yet substantial amounts of hexosaminidase are found in Tay-Sachs victims. Neuroscientists John O'Brien and Shintaro Okada investigated hexosaminidase more intensively and discovered that it actually consisted of two enzymes, Hex-A and Hex-B. Both are present in normal tissue but, they found, only Hex-B occurs in the tissue of Tay-Sachs victims. So, they concluded, it is the absence of Hex-A that prevents the me-



O'BRIEN

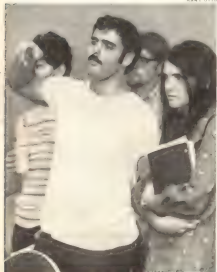
No longer a hex in the Hex.

tabolism of fats in brain cells, and this results in the fatal disease.

This enzyme deficiency is caused by an inborn genetic defect that has been traced back 500 years to Ashkenazic Jews who lived in Lithuania and Poland. Because Jews usually marry within their own faith, the genetic defect—and the dread disease—are still largely confined to Jews. In the U.S., for example, Tay-Sachs occurs once in every 5,000 Jewish births, but only once in every 400,000 non-Jewish babies.

One-in-Four Risk. A single defective Tay-Sachs gene cannot afflict its carrier with the disease. The paired, normal gene orders the production of enough Hex-A to allow the necessary brain-cell metabolism. But if both parents carry a Tay-Sachs gene, there is a one-in-four risk that the baby will receive two abnormal genes—one from each parent—and succumb to the disease. If he receives only one, his body will produce less Hex-A than it should, but he will be able to lead a normal life. Like his parents, of course, he will be a carrier.

The identification of Hex-A will enable doctors to detect both the carriers and victims of Tay-Sachs disease. If blood tests reveal that both a man and his wife have less than normal amounts of Hex-A and are thus carriers of Tay-Sachs genes, they can be warned of their 25% risk of producing a Tay-Sachs child and perhaps be discouraged from having children of their own. By inserting a needle through a woman's abdomen when she is 16 weeks pregnant and extracting fluid from the amniotic sac, doctors can determine if the unborn child will have Tay-Sachs disease. Cells shed by the developing fetus into the fluid will be analyzed for traces of Hex-A. If the enzyme is missing, doctors could advise an abortion that would save the parents from the heartbreak of having a doomed, Tay-Sachs child.



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SCIENCE

NUCLEAR PHYSICS

The Track of the Quark

Probing ever deeper into the inner world of the atom, nuclear physicists have uncovered an increasingly baffling collection of tiny particles. Besides the familiar neutrons, electrons and protons, they are now pondering dozens of new and strange bits of matter bearing such exotic names as lamdbas, pions, kaons and sigmas. Five years ago, in an effort to bring order to this subatomic chaos, Physicists Murray Gell-Mann and George Zweig, both now at Caltech, independently dreamed up strange elemental particles—out of which all the others could be constructed. Gell-Mann emphasized that the particles, which he whimsically dubbed quarks, were only theoretical tools, mathematical concoctions that probably did not really exist outside his equations. Yet other physicists took the quark quite seriously, and have been hunting for it ever since.

Elusive Particles. Last week, for the first time, there was evidence that the hunters were closing in on their quarry. At a conference of the International Union of Pure and Applied Physics in Budapest, a scientist from Australia announced that he was "99% sure" that he had actually found a quark. British-born Physicist Charles McCusker, 50, reported that his team of investigators had apparently spotted the elusive particles among the wreckage of atmospheric oxygen and nitrogen atoms smashed when they were struck by cosmic rays hurtling down from space.

A number of scientists had previously suggested cosmic rays as an ideal weapon to use in the quark hunt. If one of these high-speed bits of matter struck an atomic particle, they calculated, its tremendous energy would accomplish what no man-made atom smasher can do: split that particle into its constituent quarks. A particle with an energy of 200 billion electron volts, for example, might be enough to pry apart the three tightly bound quarks that theoretically constitute a proton. But a machine that can supply such energy will not be available until the AEC completes its giant accelerator at Weston, Ill.

Unwilling to wait, McCusker's team set up a more simple quark trap in a shed behind the University of Sydney's school of physics. Whenever Geiger counters detected a cosmic shower, they triggered four Wilson cloud chambers, which show the path of any ionized or charged particle that passes through them as a trail of condensed water droplets. If a quark freed by a collision between a cosmic ray and an atmospheric atom happened to penetrate the chamber, the physicists reasoned, it would leave a highly characteristic track.

McCusker's team photographed 60,000 tracks in a year of work. Most of them bore the easily identifiable sig-

natures of known particles. But a few consisted of only about half as many water droplets as the others. That observation fitted neatly with a peculiarity of quarks: unlike ordinary particles, whose charges are whole multiples of an electron charge, quarks ought to have a charge only one-third or two-thirds that of an electron. McCusker's conclusion followed logically. The number of droplets in a cloud-chamber track is proportional to the square of the charge of the particle that caused it. If quarks have a charge of two-thirds, the number of droplets in their track should be four-ninths (two-thirds squared) or about half the number in the track of an ordinary particle. And that is just what McCusker observed about five tracks in his quark trap.

Most physicists, of course, would like to see more persuasive evidence before they accept the existence of quarks, and even the enthusiastic McCusker allows that his experiment is hardly the final word. Even so, his findings are already the hottest bit of shoptalk among nuclear physicists. "If they are quarks," says Columbia University Physicist Leon Lederman, "they would be one of the major discoveries of the century."

MARINE BIOLOGY

Plague in the Sea

Few creatures are more aptly named. The crown-of-thorns, a large, reddish brown sea dweller, has as many as 21 arms, all covered with venomous spines that can temporarily paralyze a swimmer and provoke fits of vomiting. Known to biologists as *Acanthaster planci*, this sinister-looking, 2-ft.-wide starfish is an even greater menace to some of its tiny aquatic neighbors. It likes nothing better than to feed on the living coral reefs where it makes its home.

Lately its appetite has become alarming. Once a relatively rare nocturnal predator, the crown-of-thorns suddenly began proliferating in the South Pacific a decade ago. Since then it has laid waste to 100 sq. mi. of Australia's Great Barrier Reef, the world's largest and most impressive collection of underwater coral formations. It has also destroyed nearly 22 miles of Guam's coral barrier. Marine biologists report similar starfish damage off Saipan, Fiji and the western Solomons. In only five years, says Oceanographer R. D. Gaul of San Diego's Westinghouse Ocean Research Laboratory, the starfish can destroy a coral atoll that may have taken thousands of years to form.

Baffling Phenomenon. *Acanthaster's* ravages not only occur quickly but are long-lasting. After stretching itself over the coral, the crown-of-thorns quickly digests the simple organisms that constitute the tough outer layer of the reef. Structurally weakened, the remaining skeletons are easily erod-

ed by the ocean's waves. Once the coral barriers are breached, the islands that they surround are no longer protected from the pounding of the open sea. Because the reefs are vital to the spawning and feeding of much undersea life, the process can also destroy fertile fishing grounds almost overnight.

The *Acanthaster* plague baffles scientists. It could be a periodic natural phenomenon; many species mysteriously multiply for a time, then inexplicably decline in number. A more probable explanation is that man has upset the reef's delicate ecological balance. By relentlessly hunting for a rare trumpet-shaped mollusk called the giant triton, some scientists say, shell collectors have taken a devastating toll of one of the crown-of-thorns' few natural enemies. Other scientists speculate that the imbalance may

DR. RICHARD D. GAUL



CROWN-OF-THORNS AMID PACIFIC CORAL
Upsetting the delicate balance.

have been caused by dredging and underwater blasting, lingering pesticides or even radioactive fallout.

To control the crown-of-thorns, some scientists suggest repopulating the reefs with tritons, which are now protected by law in Queensland, Australia. Others propose spreading lime on the ocean floor, a technique that has already been used with moderate success to protect Long Island Sound's oyster beds from the common American starfish, *Asterias forbesi*. A Japanese scientist has even advised stringing wire around coral reefs to repel the starfish with a low-voltage electric shock.

None of these tactics is guaranteed to curb the tough, durable crown-of-thorns. Australian researchers are pressing hard to find better answers. So, too, are 40 marine biologists and divers from San Diego's Westinghouse Lab who fanned out across the Pacific this summer in an expedition sponsored by the U.S. Government. Unless the crown-of-thorns is restrained, many more miles of coral in the Pacific and other seas will be ravaged by the spreading starfish.

PERSONALITY

The President's Analyst

"Prediction is a useful thing for us social scientists," says James Barber, a political science professor at Yale. "It forces us away from the comforts of retrospection." Last week, in a paper delivered at the American Political Science Association meeting in Manhattan, Barber, 39, made a prediction of his own: under certain sets of circumstances "The danger is that Richard Nixon will commit himself irrevocably to some disastrous course of action."

Nixon's problem, Barber says, is a failure to communicate: it stems from "a very strong drive for personal power—especially independent power—which pushes him away from reliance on anyone else." In council, Nixon listens attentively and then "retires to his chambers, where he may spend hours in complete solitude" before he "emerges and pronounces the verdict." It is, says Barber, "the lonely seclusion adopted consciously as a way of deciding that stands out in Nixon's personal-relations style." This style has already produced a number of "presidential stumbles," among them the rejection of John Knowles for the post of Assistant Secretary for Health and Scientific Affairs, and Franklin Long for the directorship of the National Science Foundation; as well as decisions about desegregation guidelines and the hunger program.

The flaw in style is compounded, in Barber's view, by a major character deficiency—Nixon's tendency to lapse into ungaurded behavior after periods of great stress. Nixon himself as much as acknowledged the phenomenon in his *Six Crises*, and later went on to explode bitterly at the press following his

1962 California gubernatorial defeat. Barber even provides a scenario for a future situation brought on by Nixon's "crisis syndrome": the Administration is defeated on a key issue, Nixon losing face or power in the bargain; at a press conference, he is badgered about it and, lashing out, takes an exaggerated policy stand. It is, says Barber, the stuff of "tragic drama: the danger is that he might refuse to revise his course of action in the light of consequent events."

Barber's suggested formula for averting tragedy: Nixon should consult with proponents and opponents on a given issue both before and "after he has reached a 'decision.'" And he should be none too hasty in making definitive public statements on it.

Outrage and Acclaim. Political Scientist Barber claims no credentials in behavioral science. His analysis of Nixon, he admits, is not based on personal acquaintance, but only on careful study of the President's upbringing, rhetorical style, ideological evolution and relations with advisers and opponents. To most laymen, such long-distance analysis will seem outrageous, and behavior experts are bound to take issue with Barber's admittedly unscientific methods and conclusions. But the convention delegates acclaimed his technique. President Watcher James MacGregor Burns thought that Barber's paper provided an "excellent link" between studies of presidential personalities and of the presidency as an institution. Government Professor Aaron Wildavsky, of the University of California, said it was "the best work in the field."

In studying Nixon and four other Presidents, Barber evolved a labeling system that types each man according to his character (positive or negative) and his way of life (active or passive). By these standards, he characterized President Taft as "passive-positive," Truman as "active-positive" and Eisenhower as "passive-negative." Lest anyone accuse him of showing partisanship, Barber listed, along with Nixon, under the heading of "active-negative" a man whose "style failed him" and who knew "the disorientation of an expert middleman elevated above the ordinary political marketplace"—Lyndon Baines Johnson.

SEX

Brief Is Best

More than Beaujolais or Bordeaux or their passionately drank franc, the illicit love affair has always held a special place in the hearts of Frenchmen. The magnificent Château de Chenonceaux is Henri II's tribute to his mistress, Diane de Poitiers. French authors and artists—Emile Zola and Bonnard, for example—have immortalized their mistresses in their art. For the past 18 years the popular daily newspaper *France Soir* has run an illustrated serial titled "Famous Love Affairs." And



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now comes a bestselling survey of 93 French males entitled *The Sexual Behavior of the Married Man in France*.

In his book, Author Jacques Baroche, a poet turned investigator, confirms the legend of French wanderlust: 90% of the French husbands who talked to him admitted being unfaithful. But he finds that another Gallic institution has become old-fashioned: the pace of modern life has caused many a Frenchman to discard his pampered mistress in favor of the quickie sex act.

Vanishing Breed. Mistresses are obsolete, one insurance agent suggested, because "only one thing counts in love—it is the brief encounter." Added a financier, "The principal quality of a woman is neither beauty nor charm nor intelligence, it is novelty." Equally unexpected is Baroche's revelation that the French lover of faded expertise is a vanishing breed: many men were simply bored with the foreplay in love-making. "I have a horror of the preliminaries of love," one of them confided. "The process of taking off one's clothes becomes a handicap with habit." In short, the smooth French lover, typified for millions by Charles Boyer's 1938 role as the romantic Casbah thief in *Algiers*, is becoming extinct.

Some of Baroche's interviews verge on the implausible: he claims to have found one couple who learned to make love in a tiny Citroën "Deux Chevaux" auto—after they persuaded the man's dog to remain in the back seat. Serious social scientists are not sure that Baroche interviewed a sufficiently wide variety of Frenchmen to reach any valid conclusions. Still, he talked to enough to find one man who asked, "How does it happen that I have never deceived my wife?" then shrugged and answered his own question: "I don't want to complicate my life. I must be the exception that proves the rule."



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ENVIRONMENT

THE CITIES

A Failure Everywhere

Most Americans think they know what is meant by "the urban crisis." To many, it means Watts in Los Angeles, the Hough section of Cleveland, Harlem in New York—in short, race riots, poverty, slums. To others, the urban crisis is manifest daily in clogged freeways, rising land costs and inadequate parks, plus a persistent dissatisfaction with urban life. But how many Americans think of the appalling squallor of the favelas of Rio de Janeiro, the bidanvilles of Algiers, the *vecindades* of Mexico City, or the nocturnal streets, littered with sleeping bodies, of Calcutta? There, the urban crisis is compounded by the lack of shelter, food, jobs and, above all, hope.

Last week Secretary General U Thant reported to the Economic and Social Council of the United Nations that the city—everywhere in the world—is a failure. For example, the U.N. proposed that the developing nations build at least ten units of housing per 1,000 people annually. In many countries only two units per 1,000 people have actually been constructed.

The challenge in the two decades ahead, the report went on, is to "double the houses, power systems, sanitation, schools, transport, in fact the whole complex pattern of urban living created over several centuries." Can this goal be accomplished? The record in both rich and poor nations is discouraging, though there are a few bright examples. Through high-level planning, Russia, Britain, Venezuela and India have encouraged the rise of small cities to decentralize population. France and Bulgaria fostered new, strategically located

regional centers. Switzerland and The Netherlands have attempted with some success to balance growth between cities and rural towns.

The Decade Ahead. Still, population is relentlessly exploding in what the report terms "unexploding economies." In the next decade, 18 Latin American cities will probably contain 1,000,000 or more inhabitants each, whether the nations are prepared for the flood of humanity or not. Bombay and Calcutta might swell to 20 million or even 30 million residents by the end of the century.

To cope with the pressure of new people, U Thant said, advance planning for cities is imperative. At least 5% of national income should be allocated to housing and urban development. Local construction industries should quickly be strengthened, savings institutions established, and research centers created to study specific urban problems. Beyond the particular effort of every nation, there must be international cooperation. The richer nations should aid developing nations with at least \$1 billion in seed money annually. Nations should also get together to set up training centers for personnel and to pool social and technical information.

The report provides a unique global view of a depressing, but neglected and far-reaching subject. We are all in the same boat, it says in effect, and the boat is foundering. It also stitches together various urban experiments from nations of differing political persuasions to form a patchwork solution. Most important, U Thant's report offers, along with extremely pessimistic statistics about the present, an infectious optimism about the future—if nations can learn to cooperate.



TRAFFIC IN SÃO PAULO
Uninhabitable by the year 2000.

NOISE

The Exuberant Beetles of Brazil

Prolonged exposure to loud noise probably causes heart flutter, headaches and constriction of the blood vessels—not to mention partial deafness. But noise can also be an expression of exuberance, and there are no more exuberant people than the Brazilians. Citizens of Rio de Janeiro and São Paulo hold polite sidewalk conversations by shouting at each other above the city noises. Do they mind? Quite the contrary. "São Paulo is noisier than here," says Housewife Itacy Buarque de Macedo, "but our noise is more *impático*."

Most of the racket comes from automobiles, and most automobiles are small Volkswagens, assembled in São Paulo. The whine of their four-cylinder engines and the beep of their horns are, at least to Brazilian ears, disappointingly meek. As a result, manufacturers of install-it-yourself kits do a booming business in noisemakers. The beetles' mewling toot is replaced by full-throated klaxons that belt out bars of hard-rock music or soar into the oscillating wail of European ambulances. The VW's short-stroke engine remains untouched, but its exhaust is channeled through complicated "extractors" or straight pipe "resonators" that make the humble bug sound like a snarling Ferrari or thundering Offenhauser. A less expensive gimmick is to wire a bottle of water under the exhaust pipe, where it produces a joyous shriek as exhaust blasts across its top. Thus, cars that leave the factories merely muttering turn up on the roads making more noise than factory machinery.

"São Paulo may be uninhabitable by



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AUTOMATION

the year 2000," says Biologist Jacob Zugman. Along with the city's growing air and water-pollution problems, he says, "the city noises are assaulting our sanity." Studies show that children (and presumably adults as well) in São Paulo have already lost some acuity of hearing, because as noise increases the ability to hear decreases. Experienced travelers to Rio book rooms in the back of the great hotels that line Copacabana Beach, forsaking the glorious views over the harbor in order to be as far as possible from the amplified autos snarling along Avenida Atlântica. Says Amone Camardella, director of industrial physics at the National Institute of Technology: "Noise is increasing the number of neurotics in Rio, and the increased number of neurotics is increasing the noise level. It's a vicious cycle."

Both Rio and São Paulo have laws that define "excessive noise" and provide fines for offenders, but practically nobody pays any attention—not even the police. Somehow, Camardella feels, the exuberant Brazilians will have to realize that machinery does not have to sound powerful to satisfy its users. A little travel might help accomplish this goal. Says Photographer Valentin: "I'll never forget the first time I went to Miami. All those cars! The hustle! And almost no noise! For a while there, I really thought there was something wrong with my ears."

POLLUTION

Interior Gets Tougher

At long last and after due provocation, the U.S. Government rushed in where states have feared to tread. Last week, invoking the Water Quality Act of 1965, Interior Secretary Walter J. Hickel announced that the Federal Government was proceeding forthwith to "prosecute those who pollute."

Hickel's first targets include four large steelmakers (U.S. Steel, Republic, Jones & Laughlin and Interlake), a Kansas mining company (Eagle-Picher Industries) and the City of Toledo.

All of the accused polluters were duly identified during the late days of the Johnson Administration. Then, in theory, it was up to the states concerned to enforce remedial action. But the state authorities got nowhere—either delayed by countering lawsuits or a lack of enthusiasm for prosecuting industries that were also major taxpayers.

The accused polluters have been summoned to appear before the Federal Water Pollution Control Administration, where they will be given firm deadlines to devise a plan to clean up their effluents. If they do not meet those deadlines, they can be prosecuted by the Justice Department for contempt of court.

"This is just a beginning," warned Hickel. Next on his agenda are the major polluters along the Passaic and Savannah rivers. After that? Hickel just smiles grimly.

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MODERN LIVING

FRUSTRATIONS

Guerrilla War Against Computers

A middle-aged, overweight free-lance journalist who plays the jew's-harp is hardly the prototype of a revolutionary. But Harvey Matusow, 46, has full credentials for conspiracy. An American Communist in the 1940s who turned FBI informer and spent five years in prison for perjury (after admitting that he had testified falsely against some 250 supposed Reds), Matusow now lives and plots in London. He is the self-appointed president of the International Society for the Abolition of Data Processing Machines, which claims 1,500 members. Like Matusow, they look on the computer as an exploitative monster that has turned on its creator.

Members receive, free of charge, an I.S.A.D.P.M. identification card decorated with a red slingshot, symbolic of David's battle with Goliath. They also get a year's subscription to Matusow's anti-computer newsletter, which he plans to start publishing soon. For 6s., they can get a copy of his 125-page *The Beast of Business*, a handbook of guerrilla tactics for computer haters that might have been conceived by Che Guevara.

Harvey's Roulette. "The computer has a healthy and conservative function in mathematics and other sciences," Matusow allows, but "when the uses involve business or government, and the individual is tyrannized, then we make our stand." The methods he proposes for dealing with the Enemy are splendidly sophisticated. No simple stamping, folding or mutilation of a computer card for him. "That will nullify the effect of the card," he says. "But it will make it easy to spot and will not have much effect on disrupting the system."

Instead, he suggests playing "computer-card roulette"—placing the card on a drawing board, carefully cutting out three or four extra rectangular holes with a razor blade, and returning the card to sender. Matusow claims to have altered a magazine subscription card in that manner. As a result, he received 23 copies of the magazine each week and a note thanking him for using the publication in his current-events class.

Subtler souls might prefer other Matusow tactics—like erasing the magnetic coding on their personal checks by running the code numbers under an electromagnet. "The effect," he says, "is that your checks will not be processed by the automatic sorting device. Someone at the bank will have to handle them personally. But after all, it's your

money, and it should get the loving care it deserves."

A prime rule in Matusow's anti-computer campaign is to "always let the enemies know that you are at war with them." He suggests that recipients of a computerized bill destroy the returnable portion, then mail back a check together with a note explaining what they have done and why. When paying utility bills, Matusow advises doing it promptly—but overpaying or underpaying by a penny or two. The effect, he says, is to send an unsophisticated computer into a state of hysteria.

Guiltily Operator. Other promising targets for attack include post offices that use computerized mail sorters and tele-



DRAWING BY: BOB ADAMS 1968 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.

phone operators who insist that customers place their own long-distance calls with a computerized dialing code. Matusow advises pasting stamps on sideways so that the scanner cannot read the magnetized strips that differentiate between values of stamps. In persuading telephone operators to handle calls personally, he suggests saying: "I'm sorry, operator, but I'm blind and do need your assistance." That ploy "is bound to make her feel extremely guilty, and will make it easier for the next caller who wants her to make the connection."

Finally, for those whose frustrations cannot be expunged by small, subtle victories, Matusow proposes direct confrontation—attacking the inhuman enemy with the most human of weapons: "Women going into a room with a bank of computers are advised to wear a lot of the cheapest perfume they can find." Computers operate effectively only in "clean" air, Matusow explains, and are highly sensitive to environmental changes. Heavy dollops of perfume could paralyze a computer as effectively as they do those of a weak-kneed human office worker.



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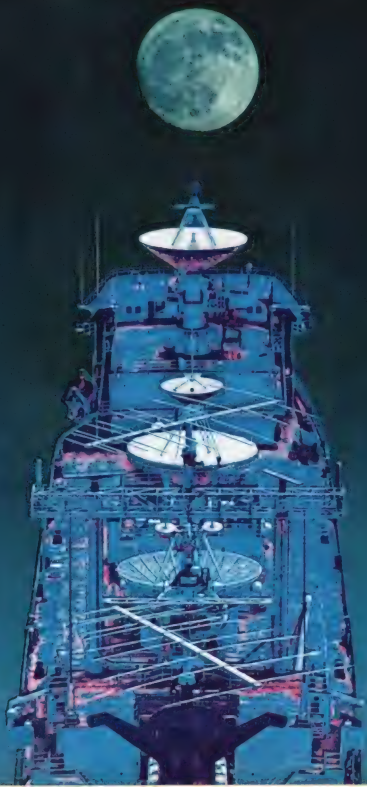
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Moonship



Neil Armstrong, Ed Aldrin and Mike Collins were on their way to the moon. Their heartbeats were firm, their breathing rates steady.

That information was relayed by a ship in the Pacific via satellite to Mission Control in Houston. Along with it, over NASA's Goddard Space Center Manned Space Flight Network, came a stream of vital statistics on cabin pressure, temperature and systems functions.

Houston came back with a terse, "Apollo 11, you are go for TLI." — (Translunar Injection)

Among the global tracking and communications links for such critical decisions during Apollo flights are three ex-World War II oil tankers. Operated by the Department of Defense for NASA, they were rebuilt for their specialized mid-ocean mission by six General Dynamics operating units.

Quincy division jumbo-ized them, Electronics division provided each with 8 major electronic systems, Electric Boat supplied attitude measuring and position systems, Convair supplied 30-foot telemetry antennas, Pomona furnished test personnel, Stromberg-Carlson the switchboards, dial phones and other components of on-board communications.

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"I'll drink to that."



TELEVISION

SPECIALS

Improving the Species

American television networks seem to assume that their entire audience is below the age of consent. Thus the new season's most sophisticated entertainment may well be a British import drama rerun by NBC this Thursday, *Male of the Species*. First aired in the U.S. last January, the work is a dazzling, 90-minute model of urbanity.

The author is Welsh Dramatist Alun Owen, best known in the States as scenarist of the Beatles' film *A Hard Day's Night*. His males of the species are Paul Scofield, Michael Caine and Sean Connery—each, in his own way, a predator starring in his own segment of the triple bill. Their prey, and the source of the drama's continuity, is Anna Calder-Marshall, an actress formidable enough at 21 to hold the stage opposite such intimidating co-stars. Sir Laurence Olivier is the narrator-host, providing bridges between the parts of Owen's "modern morality fable."

Tart Seduction. Connery is the first male, a prideful master carpenter who takes for granted that woman was created solely for his pleasure. He matter-of-factly lies to all his ladies, including his daughter (Calder-Marshall). That deceit permanently estranges them, indurates her heart against all men and sets up Segment No. 2: her confrontation with Caine. Michael plays a reptilian charmer, the acknowledged sultan of the typing pool. Or he was until challenged by Calder-Marshall, who decides to wreak vengeance on the whole gender of womanizers by giving Caine "one in the eye for every girl in the building." But triumph leaves her a vulnerable pushover for her next boss, an eminent barrister (Scofield). He proves to be even more treacherous than Caine, a malevolent Machiavelli rather than merely a fun-loving Alfie.

The badinage of the seduction scenes and the script as a whole will sound uncommonly witty, tart and adult to American audiences, particularly now that the networks are under attack for "excessive permissiveness" from John Pastore, chairman of the Senate Communications Subcommittee. No canned laughter is added to the sound track. There is one deferential addition for the American viewers, though: a brief epilogue and tidy ending, showing the Caine and Calder-Marshall courtship heading for consummation, probably in wedlock.

Another hopeful outcome is that playwright Owen is now drafting a sequel *Female of the Species*, starring Elizabeth Taylor and Claire Bloom. It is scheduled



CAINE & CALDER-MARSHALL
One in the eye for every girl.

for NBC in January. Owen refuses to comment on whether NBC has asked them to milk down ("Pastore-ize," in TV slang) *Female* for Americans in this season of censorship.

THE INDUSTRY

NATO v. the Monster

During the past two decades, television has helped reduce attendance at local movie theaters by an estimated 60%, forcing one-fourth of them out of business. Yet, for the past half-year, the cinema-house owners have acted as if their major mission in life were to rescue TV—at least in its present form—Save Free TV inscribed on marquees and are asked to sign petitions to Congress on behalf of the old archenemy. Between pictures, a message flashes on-screen warning about "the monster" out to "charge you for the very TV programs you now get free."

The monster under attack is pay-TV, the proposed complement to existing TV service that has been awaiting a final go-ahead from the Federal Communications Commission in Washington since the early 1950s. Pay-television companies would provide subscribers with a special TV-set attachment that decodes scrambled signals to bring such features as Broadway shows, operas and first-run movies. The campaign to slay the monster is led by the National Association of Theater Owners (NATO to the trade) and supported by some protectionist's union locals. Legitimate theaters are not a part of the national association or its fight. Regular television stations, even though they might benefit from NATO's offensive, have also stayed out of what is becoming a scare campaign.

Slob Area. Exhorting the Illinois chapter of NATO, Campaign Co-Chairman Henry Platt proclaimed that "the monster can destroy every movie house in the U.S. When the marquee lights go out, it doesn't take long for the small community to become a slob area, a slum." NATO also warns that pay-TV puts traditional TV in jeopardy and "discriminates drastically against the poor."

NATO's fear is understandable, but its arguments have been so extreme that Rosel Hyde, chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, recently issued a fact sheet to deal with what he called "a totally unfounded and untrue campaign." Pay-TV, said the paper, "will supplement, not supplant free television." Pay-TV would be restricted to markets where at least four standard stations are already operating. Pay-TV operators would not be allowed to charge for a series like *Laugh-In* or *Here's Lucy*, or for sporting events now seen on free TV. They would deal only in programming not now available.

There are no pay-TV stations currently operating in the U.S. In fact, the only thing approaching pay television is closed-circuit presentations of heavyweight-championship boxing matches and the Indianapolis 500 auto race, both of which are shown in movie houses, for \$5 to \$10 a seat. (Last May, one Fort Worth theater marquee inadvertently carried two contradictory promotions: SAVE FREE TV and INDO 500 RACE CLOSED CIRCUIT TV.) The NATO contention that pay-TV would rob the poor is similarly leaky. With subscription TV, a whole family could see a film for \$1.50 or so, far less than the price of admissions, baby sitter and transportation to the theater.

Second Enemy. NATO claims that 9,000,000 Americans have signed its petitions, and 21 Congressmen have drafted bills to ban subscription TV. So far, the proposed legislation has not stirred much interest on Capitol Hill. NATO's other resort is a suit in the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia circuit contesting the authority of any FCC licensing of pay-TV.

Even if pay-TV loses the battle, NATO will not have won the war. Already, many marquees have replaced the SAVE FREE TV slogan with FIGHT PAY-TV in ANY FORM. That is an oblique attack on cable TV (CATV), a different service designed to bring extra channels and a clearer picture to isolated and poor-reception areas for a monthly fee. If CATV operators are allowed to add programs of their own, including new movies, the resulting diversity could be another serious threat to theater owners, who are already so beleaguered that they cannot afford to laugh off any competition. Says Martin Newman, a Long Island movie-chain proprietor and chairman of the NATO national campaign: "Pictures belong in the theaters. We don't even like the airlines showing films."

* The high-priced cast was available to TV only because the show was produced by Britain's commercial Incorporated Television Company, Ltd. partially as a benefit for an actors' home, and the stars waived their usual salaries.

How INA is planning



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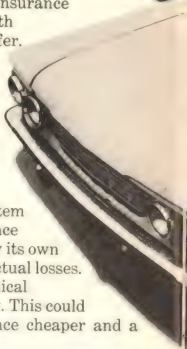


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one of the largest. Recently, the U. S. Senate Consumer Subcommittee asked us, because of our experience and expertise, to testify on an investigation proposed

IMAGINATION

ART

A Revelation from Old Russia

RUSSIA has some of the world's most beautiful and unusual churches, but they have mostly remained hidden from the eyes of foreigners. Many of them are outside the big cities to which travelers from abroad were restricted during the long period of Stalinism and the Iron Curtain. Now, however, with Moscow actively courting tourists and their hard currencies, the officially atheistic Communists are not only allowing access to the churches but have actually begun promoting them. The effort signals no change in Communism's general hostility

drive. It formed the Society for the Protection of Historical and Artistic Monuments, an organization that today claims 2,000,000 members, to provide volunteers for restoration work. Last year the Ministry of Culture spent an estimated 5,000,000 rubles (about \$5,500,000) on restoration.

Perhaps most startling to the unaccustomed Western eye is the extraordinary wooden architecture of the north. It is a land of forests, and its builders developed an unexcelled skill in fashioning wood. Confronted by the domes and cu-

of cupolas and onion-shaped domes. The result was a wondrous aberration, a unique folk image of what a house of God should look like. The legend goes that, upon its completion, Nestor declared: "There never has been, is, or ever will be another church like this." So saying, he flung his ax into Lake Onega. He was absolutely right.

As a craftsman, Nestor was not alone. Other builders in other villages had developed that community of skill that in certain ages and places produces an integrated style. An example is Kondopoga's Church of the Assumption, some 30 miles west of Kizhi. Lonely, moving and quietly assertive, the church is a testament to an unknown craftsman's sense of the shape of his landscape, the wideness of his lake, the hostility of the sky, and his craft as a master of wood.

Close Compendium. Nearer to Moscow, an inquiring tourist can now find and enjoy a compendium of Russia's best architecture:

► Vladimir, a scenic three-hour journey by car from Moscow, is one of the most popular tourist sights. An important trading center on the Volga River routes in medieval times, Vladimir was named for the prince of Kiev who brought Christianity to Russia in A.D. 988. His emissaries, the story goes, were so taken by the beauty of the Byzantine liturgy and Constantinople's churches that they urged the prince to adopt that mode of Christianity. Vladimir's churches reflect the Russian efforts to carry on the Byzantine architectural tradition. The most spectacular is the Cathedral of the Assumption, whose gleaming gold cupola is visible for miles around.

The cathedral was built by a warrior-prince named Andrei Bogoliubsky in 1158. Prince Andrei, seeking to wrest power from the boyars and make Vladimir instead of Kiev the capital of Russia, intended that the cathedral would be not only a metropolitan see but the finest jewel in his kingdom. He lavished much of his treasury on it, importing European architects, stonemasons and carvers as well as Byzantine painters and craftsmen. Though Prince Andrei failed in his fight against the boyars, who succeeded in murdering him in 1174, his majestic monument stood, only to be destroyed by fire a few years later. In restoring it, his brother added four additional domes, creating the distinctive five-dome arrangement that was widely copied throughout Russia. In 1475, Ivan the Great found the white stone structure so beautiful that he instructed the Italian architect Fioravanti to use it as the model for Moscow's Cathedral

The Church of the Transfiguration, built in 1714, dominates the Kizhi skyline, a dazzling testament to a Russian craftsman's way with wood.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIM O'NEILL



WORKMEN RESTORING NOVGOROD KREMLIN
Wondrous aberrations from a skill without peer.

to religion. Few of the churches are used for worship. They are considered primarily cultural assets and historical links to Russia's past.

That past is enjoying a revival. While Stalin used the vision of Mother Russia to inspire patriotism and encourage resistance during World War II, Russia's present leaders have encouraged it to open up the way for a renewed appreciation of Russia's past glories. During the summer, to the delight of Russian and foreign tourists alike, many of the old wooden churches and onion-domed cathedrals that dot the Soviet countryside were opened to the public. The result was an artistic revelation.

Idiom of Wood. Nikita Khrushchev had little interest in restoring old monuments, declaring that the money would be better spent on workers' flats. After his fall from power in 1965, a turnabout in policy occurred and the government began an intensive restoration

drive. It formed the Society for the Protection of Historical and Artistic Monuments, an organization that today claims 2,000,000 members, to provide volunteers for restoration work. Last year the Ministry of Culture spent an estimated 5,000,000 rubles (about \$5,500,000) on restoration.

Perhaps most startling to the unaccustomed Western eye is the extraordinary wooden architecture of the north. It is a land of forests, and its builders developed an unexcelled skill in fashioning wood. Confronted by the domes and cu-

polas imported from Byzantium, they adapted these masonry-based forms to an idiom of carpentry that produced a unique style, unmatched and now uncopyable because it depends on a craftsmanship that no longer exists.





Built in 1756, the Church of the Transfiguration is one of Russia's most graceful smaller wooden churches and now serves as the centerpiece of a reconstructed 18th century peasant village in Suzdal near Moscow.

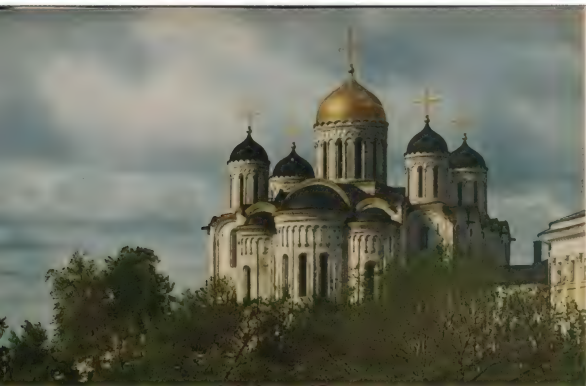


Cathedral of the Assumption, in Vladimir near Moscow, was built by the warrior-prince Andrei Bogoliubsky in 1158 as part of a campaign to unify, militarily and ecclesiastically, the so-called "Rostov lands." Damaged by fire, it was rebuilt in 1185 by his brother Vsevolod III, and subsequently became the model for Moscow's Kremlin cathedral.



A panoply of onion-shaped domes surmounts the vast Rostov Kremlin (right), built in the latter part of the 17th century by the wealthy Metropolitan Iona Sysoevich, owner of 16,340 peasant households. Palace, civil buildings, churches and fortress walls are connected by passageways.

In Novgorod, whose many monuments were heavily bombarded by the Nazis, the freshly restored 14th century Church of the Savior of the Transfiguration (left) demonstrates the lean vertical lines and sloping roofs characteristic of the classical medieval period of Russian architecture.





Rising high over Lake Onega near the White Sea, the Church of the Assumption served as a beacon to 18th

century sailors by tolling its bells in fog. Now it is surrounded by an industrial boom town.

of the Assumption in the Kremlin
► Novgorod, one of the oldest Russian cities, was settled by Slavic tribes about A.D. 1000. Over the centuries it was attacked by Swedes, Livonians, Lithuanians and Norwegians. Still, few other cities preserved so many ancient churches and frescoes. Its architecture, dating from the 11th to 15th centuries, is simple and even severe, characterized by perpendicular lines, lack of ornament and few windows. In World War II, Novgorod was once again attacked by foreign forces, this time the Germans, whose destruction was perhaps greater than any before. The Soviet government commissioned Shchusev, the architect who designed the Lenin Mausoleum, to plan the city's reconstruction, a program that has resulted in the restoration of many churches, including the lovely 14th century Church of the Savior of the Transfiguration. In its dome can be seen the divergence of the Russian from the Byzantine model. Finding Byzantium's semi-spherical dome ill-suited to the heavy snow of the north, the church's original architect replaced it with a bulbous cupola, which eventually developed into the characteristic onion shape. Russian architecture was on its way to finding its own style.

► Suzdal is one of the few remaining Russian towns to have preserved its original layout. Its kremlin (citadel), houses and surrounding fortress-monasteries have been restored to look just as they did in the 17th century. The beautiful 18th century Church of the Transfiguration was moved to its present site from another village. Over the next two or three years, the Soviet government plans to turn the Suzdal area into a new national tourist center, and will build an open-air museum and three new restaurants, as well as restore many other churches, peasant cottages and windmills.

► Rostov was one of the richest trading towns of medieval Russia, exchanging its honey, furs, wheat and beeswax for Scandinavian amber, Arab coins and Volga pottery. Today, it is a favorite stop for Sputnik International Youth Groups, who stay in the famed Red Chamber that once housed visiting czars, including Peter the Great. Its sprawling kremlin is, next to Moscow's own, the most spectacular in Russia. Forty years abiding, the Rostov Kremlin incorporates the Metropolitan's residence, churches, service buildings and princely quarters all into one grand architectural ensemble of striking dimensions and originality.

The particular charm and excitement of Russian architecture is its unity in diversity. The strangest flower of Byzantium, it represents a triumph of adaptation in bending an enormously sophisticated style to the harsh honesty of ordinary wood or the rugged realities of stone. It is unique. The outsider can be happy that the Soviet Union has finally come to treasure its Russian past.

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Danish-style walnut to go with any decorator scheme. Its speakers give you 20 feet of stereo separation. And the stereo sound is so full and enveloping, you can get lost in it.



This one makes "short waves" Our Spellbinder 3-band portable plays regular FM or AM—plus thrilling shortwave. Its soft vinyl padding gives it the look and feel of leather. Operates on rechargeable nickel-cadmium batteries or on AC current.

The Diary stands at attention Here's an FM/AM clock radio with a high-rise effect. It takes up a 4½-inch square,

so it fits where most other radios just can't. The walnut graining is easy on the eyes, too. Clock is luminous and wakes you to music or alarm.

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One thing's sure. They're all good lookers as well as good listeners.

RCA

MUSIC

Poet's Return: "It's What I Do"

BEHIND the wooden stage, helicopters leaped like grasshoppers into the peach-colored haze of dusk. Beside the phalanxes of electronic equipment a sign warned: DO NOT APPROACH THE SPEAKER BANKS TOO CLOSELY WITHOUT PROTECTIVE EAR MUFFS. All around stretched an undulating, thick-pile carpet of humanity. Three of the Beatles were there, and three of the Rolling Stones, and celebrities like Actress Jane Fonda and her husband, Film Director Roger

Vadim. So were bedraggled pilgrims from Sweden, Holland, Australia, the U.S., and every corner of Britain, many of whom had hitchhiked for days to get there with bedrolls and rucksacks on their backs. For a week, brightly colored tents had dotted the festival grounds. For the past twelve hours, the idolaters of rock had been staked out in choice positions on the grass or aboard knobby limbs of strategically located trees in the arena. They were young. They were more than 100,000 strong. They had come to the Isle of Wight off the English shore at Southampton to witness the first full-fledged public appearance by Singer-Composer-Poet Bob Dylan since he broke his neck in a motorcycle accident in 1966. In the cool evening air, as evident as the sweet odor of marijuana, hung an almost palpable yearning for some sort of transcendent experience.

Out he came in a white suit and a yellow open-necked shirt, altogether a more relaxed and assured-looking figure than the leather-jacketed, unkempt Dylan of old. The hair, once long and wild, was now relatively short. A wispy mustache and thin beard had been added. When he came on, he was greeted by applause that sounded like the roar of surf from the nearby Channel.

Without announcing the titles of his songs, acknowledging applause only with a quick smile or a murmured "thank you," he sang with the new voice and manner first heard on his most recent I.P., *Nashville Skyline* (TIME, April 11). It is far less nasal and rasping than before, far less a mixture of drone and downward slur. The tone is softer, rounder; one note leads gracefully to the next, and the result is just as satisfying



DYLAN SINGING: ON ISLE OF WIGHT



IMPROMPTU DANCER



POP SINGER MARSHA HUNT



ISLE OF WIGHT PILGRIMS SPRAWL IN TEMPORARY TENTS



CAVORTING IN FOAM

in its own way. Unexpectedly bending and holding notes like a crooner, Dylan gave a lyric, wistful quality to the traditional Irish ballad, *Wild Mountain Thyme*. He introduced no new songs, but older ones like *It Ain't Me, Babe*, once intoned in harsh, jagged phrases, took on new colors and a smoother flow.

All told, he sang 17 songs, including two encores, and then hopped into a waiting car behind the stage and zoomed away into the darkness.

Musically, Dylan's performance was an impeccable job. But his departure left the faithful dissatisfied. Through no fault of Dylan's, he started hours late. The audience, moreover, had expected two or three hours of singing, and found Dylan's 70-minute stand inadequate. Long after there was any hope of recalling him, they moaned and yelled for more.

Performer Not Prophet. The real source of disappointment lay in a worshipping youthful expectation incapable of fulfillment. The prophet had brought no cataclysm, no revelation. That was hardly Dylan's fault. He has always been a performer who moved uneasily within his aura. He has never really courted audiences. That quality has helped him outgrow the limitations of his early successes. But it has also alienated some of his fans. There were early Dylan fanatics, for instance, who considered him guilty of betrayal when he first gave up the pure strains of folk music and adopted the electrified big beat of rock in 1965.

But, as Dylan has said more than once, it is all music to him. Why should he be impaled forever on the revolutionary edge of his early songs, even if his attacks on the "masters of war" and the "hard rain" of atomic fallout did help make him a myth in the first place? Now 28, happily married and the father of four, he seems to want to relax and write new songs about innocent pleasures and the delights of love.

Dylan himself was pleased by the concert. He came away from the concert feeling strong enough for a full-scale comeback in the U.S. Already he has announced a touring show with The Band, the superb Canadian country-rock group that backed him at Wight. "I want to try it again," he says. "It's what I do. It's my work." But clearly he will do it his way. Not playing up to the applause or offering flowery speeches about "how wonderful it is to be here." It is, in fact, not only Dylan's way but his ultimate message, the adamant and irreducible core that's left after all the protest and preaching, all the politics and poetry are stripped away. As he sings in his own *Maggie's Farm*:

*Well, I try my best
to be just like I am.
But everybody wants you
to be just like them.*

Sons of Bethel

Dylan was not the only electrified magnet to draw clustering thousands last week. As if begot by Bethel, three other rock festivals took place in various corners of the U.S.—in Prairieville, La., near Baton Rouge; in Tennesse, Wash.; and in Lewisville, a grassy exurb of Dallas. Top name performers filled the air with clangor. But as at Bethel, it was not just the music but the hordes of young spectators who made the spectacle—and the scene. The New Sound had confirmed and amplified the Now Look, a bewildering compound of acid and sweet charity, an exuberant blend of innocence and togetherness. En masse, the gaily bedecked faithful presented an unsettling aspect, a ragtag mosaic of humanity suggesting anything from the Children's Crusade to the Vandals sacking Rome.

Older and presumably wiser heads, shuddering from beyond the generation gap, inclined to the latter view. In Tennesse, local residents tried (and failed) to get the courts to close down the festival before it opened. "The lewd and loose will swing and sway," the *Dallas Morning News* editorialized. Every where the populace and the police braced for disaster. But the young again confounded their critics. True, drugs were easily available. There were one death (of a heart attack), one birth and three marriages. But no violence. Fewer than 150 youngsters were arrested—most of them on charges of indecent exposure or peddling dope. Around Dallas, this pacific result enraged angry citizens, who wanted the cops to bust the kids. Lewisville Chief of Police Ralph Adams, who had handled the situation with caution and restraint, resigned. "The trouble was coming from our own hometown gawkers," he said. "If I'd sent narcotics agents in with 50,000 youngsters, we would have had a war."



SOFT PEDDLING LSD IN SKY RIVER



REFLECTIVE FACE IN THE LEWISVILLE CROWD



MAKING THE SCENE IN WASHINGTON

THE PRESS

COLUMNISTS

The Tenacious Muckraker

Drew Pearson once remarked that his job as a newspaperman was "to spur the lazy, watch the weak and expose the corrupt." For 37 years, until his death of a heart attack last week at 71, Pearson took on that task with the zeal of a cub reporter and earned for himself more controversy than any other journalist of his time. In the view of his admirers, he provided extra-constitutional checks and balances against negligence, incompetence and malfeasance by public officials. From detractors, he prompted unprintable epithets and paroxysms of billingsgate. A Tennessee Senator was once moved to fury so intense that it almost scanned: "An ignorant liar, a pee-wee liar, a revolting, unmitigated, infamous liar."

Which, of course, was simply untrue. Pearson was, rather, a dedicated muckraker who sometimes erred in piecing together an event from details provided by his friends—or even by his enemies out to get someone. He often played favorites (Lyndon Johnson, Wayne Morse), but favoritism was no safeguard against Pearson criticism. Despite the bitterness he provoked, he never lost his sources. "When I call," he said, "people don't know if I've got something on them or am giving them the chance to clear up something—so I get through."

Enemy of Rascals. Unlike many other columnists, Pearson was not ideologically predictable. He was a New Deal liberal, but he attacked F.D.R. for trying to pack the Supreme Court as enthusiastically as he later crusaded against Senator Joseph McCarthy. Over the years, disclosures in Pearson's column sent four Congressmen to jail and led to the resignation of officials from Sherman Adams on down. He accused General MacArthur of lobbying for his own promotion (MacArthur sued and lost) and was the first to report the General George S. Patton slapping incident.

Though Pearson thrived on the vitriol in his professional life, in his private life he was a pleasant and gentle man, a Quaker with a sense of humor. For his epitaph, he said he would prefer not a remembrance of his fame as an enemy of rascals but of his less well-known role as the organizer of the Friendship Train, which sent \$40 million worth of food to postwar France and Italy in 1947, and as the rebuilder of a Tennessee high school that was bombed out in 1958.

His "Washington Merry-Go-Round" was carried by more than 650 papers, almost twice as many as any other column, and last week's *TIME*-Louis Harris Poll showed him to be the best-known columnist in the U.S. The column will continue under the byline of Jack Anderson, a former assistant who has functioned more as an equal partner in the past few years.

The Aggressive Inheritor

In 22 years, he has had more doors slammed in his face than a traveling salesman and has caused more telephones to be hung up in anger than a recorded message. But few Washington reporters have earned more respect from their colleagues than Jack Northman Anderson, 46, inheritor of the Drew Pearson column.

There was little in the genial teenage editor of the Boy Scout page of Utah's *Deseret News* in 1937 to foreshadow Anderson the persistent muckraker. Except diligence. Attending school in the morning, newspapering during



PEARSON & ANDERSON (1965)

The greatest of all virtues was zeal.

his off-hours, Anderson wound up making more money—at 15¢ for each column inch that he got into print—than some of the full-time reporters. By the time he was 18, he was a full-fledged reporter for the Salt Lake City *Tribune*. Two years of missionary preaching (customary among young Mormons) through Georgia, Alabama and Florida, followed by a tour as a war correspondent in China, gave him a view of the world. But it was still a shy and polite young man of 24 who walked uninvited into Pearson's office one morning in 1947 to ask for a job. He got it. Pearson no doubt sensing in Anderson the virtues he most revered in himself: industry, uprightness, zeal.

The greatest of these was zeal. For ten years, Anderson's name rarely appeared in or on the column despite the long hours and endless investigation that he contributed. Finally in 1957, he told Pearson he had had it and threatened to quit. Pearson promised him more bylines and greater recognition. The column, Pearson added, would

some day be his. Anderson returned to work.

Recognition of a sort did indeed follow. In 1958, Anderson was caught in a hotel room with a federal investigator eavesdropping on Bernard Goldfine, the generous industrialist whose relationship with Sherman Adams became a major Eisenhower Administration scandal.

Less publicized but more significant were the Anderson investigative skills that put punch in columns on such figures as the "Five Percenters" of the Truman Administration, the "Kickback Congressmen" of the late '40s and early '50s, Senator Joseph McCarthy, FCC Commissioner Richard Mack and Congressman Adam Clayton Powell. It was also Anderson who persuaded office workers for Senator Thomas Dodd to turn over the Connecticut Democrat's incriminating files. Of the more than 100 Pearson-Anderson columns devoted to the Dodd affair, all but two were written by the junior partner.

As his name became better known in Washington, Anderson branched out, supplementing his Pearson income with speaking engagements, books and articles, particularly for *Parade* magazine (he has been its Washington correspondent since 1954). For twelve years, he collaborated with Pearson on a radio news-commentary program; on television, he conducts a weekly political forecast of the highly predictable. A last-week sample: "Teddy will fight back."

Wastebasket Facts. The column will stay pretty much the same, though it will be "less personal"—Anderson's respectful way of saying that he won't play favorites. Pearson, the charmer, was susceptible to social graces in others. But Anderson, a nondrinking, non-smoking family man (nine children), avoids the Washington social whirl. If anything, the column can be expected to get tougher.

It could also get more accurate. Though aggressive reporting is the "Merry-Go-Round" hallmark, the column is only slightly less well known for its sacrifice of fact to fancy when the crusading spirit is upon it. As recently as seven weeks ago, Pearson was caught with his facts in the wastebasket when he charged that President Nixon had tried to dictate a starring role for himself in the Apollo moon-flight ceremonies. Anderson's reconstruction of the tragedy at Chappaquiddick also struck many as more supposition than substance. The columnist wrote that Kennedy at first persuaded his cousin Joseph Gargan to take the blame for Mary Jo Kopechne's death, then changed his mind during the night. Anderson insists that he pried the information, thread by thread, from Kennedy intimates.

Anderson has lost none of his zeal—and none of his Boy Scout piety. "We get 200 to 300 letters a day from little people who have lost faith in the possibility of seeing justice done through the normal processes," he says. And he vows "to keep the column what Drew made it—a voice for the voiceless."




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MILESTONES

Died. Rocky Marciano, 45, the "Brockton Blockbuster," former world heavyweight champion and one of the prize ring's alltime greats; in the crash of a light plane; near Des Moines. The son of a Brockton, Mass., factory worker, Marciano wanted to be a professional baseball player but lacked the whiplash arm for that game. His chunky muscles were perfect for boxing, though, and what he lacked in finesse he more than made up in battering-ram power. After turning pro in 1947, he piled up 42 straight victories, most of them by knockouts, before earning a title bout with Champion Jersey Joe Walcott in 1952. "This kid can't fight," scoffed Walcott. "If I don't whip him, take my name out of the record books." Thirteen rounds later, Walcott was out, knocked senseless by a classic right. Marciano successfully defended his title six times before retiring in 1956, after a career that was as notable for his gentlemanly manners outside the ring as for his ferocity inside it.

Died. Dr. David Karnofsky, 55, one of the world's outstanding researchers in the discovery and development of drugs for the treatment of cancer; of cancer; in Ellsworth, Me. While working on chemical warfare during World War II, Karnofsky theorized that mustard gas and similar agents might be tamed and used effectively in treating cancer. With singular dedication, he set about proving his theory by conducting extensive experiments that eventually provided the medical world with a whole new concept of cancer therapy. The cost may have been his own life: doctors suspect that Karnofsky's death resulted from his exposure to the chemicals that he was studying.

Died. Right Reverend James A. Pike, 56, former Episcopal Bishop of California and one of the most controversial U.S. churchmen since World War II (see RELIGION).

Died. Josh White, 61, Negro blues and folk singer, whose laments in the 1940s led to a rebirth of folk music in the U.S.; during heart surgery; in Manhasset, N.Y. Born in Greenville, S.C., White spent his youth roaming through the South with such master bluesmen as Joel Taggart and Blind Lemon Jefferson. In 1941, he burst on the scene with *Chain Gang*, a bestselling record album of songs from the Georgia prison farms. Before long, he had scores of imitators around the country, and became a nightclub fixture—casually hunched over his guitar, a burning cigarette tucked behind one ear—singing his favorites, *Hard-Time Blues*, *John Henry* and *One Meat Ball*.

Died. Erika Mann, 63, German-born daughter of Novelist Thomas Mann. Her

self a highly regarded author noted for her powerfully anti-Nazi writings in the 1930s; of a brain tumor; in Zurich, Switzerland. Like her Nobel prizewinning father, Miss Mann was quick to speak out against Hitlerism, in 1933 was forced to flee Germany after writing and producing a satirical anti-Nazi revue, *The Peppermill*. Beginning in 1936, she frequently traveled in the U.S., where she scathingly attacked the Nazis in *School for Barbarians*, *Escape to Life* and *The Lights Go Down*.

Died. Drew Pearson, 71, U.S. journalism's most influential and controversial muckraker (see PRESS).

Died. Norman Washington Manley, 76, former Prime Minister of Jamaica; of a heart attack; in Kingston. As founder of the People's National Party in 1938, then as the island's top executive from 1955 to 1962, Oxford-educated Manley played a primary role in Jamaica's rise from a stagnant British Crown colony to political independence and economic well-being. He was among the first and foremost organizers of a campaign to attract both tourists and industry to bolster the island's historic one-crop sugar trade. The program was so successful that today Jamaica is one of the world's major producers of bauxite for aluminum and tourism is becoming a \$100 million-a-year industry.

Died. Betty Gram Swing, 76, longtime champion of women's rights; of heart disease; in Norwalk, Conn. A leader of the National Women's Party, Mrs. Swing was a familiar figure in picket lines on both sides of the Atlantic during and after World War I. Arrested for leading a suffragette demonstration at the White House in 1917, she countered by staging an eight-day hunger strike in jail, was released and immediately got herself arrested again in Boston. In the 1920s she carried her campaign to France (jail again) and to England, where she enlisted Bertrand Russell and H. G. Wells in her cause.

Died. Arthur Upham Pope, 88, the world's foremost authority on ancient Persian art and culture; of a heart attack; in Shiraz, Iran. Pope devoted his life to studying, lecturing and writing about the Persian civilization. In London in 1931, he organized the greatest exhibit of Persian art ever held. His massive six-volume *Survey of Persian Art* (1938) is still the definitive work in its field. "Turn back! Turn back!" he once cried. "Look to the ancients. Old Persia can save us—those remarkable people, with their gallantry, their decorum, their self-discipline, their sensitivity, their humanity, their productivity, their animation, their originality, their vitality, their warmth, their transcendence piety."


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BUSINESS

NIXON'S SURPRISE CALL FOR Milder Tax Reform

EVER since the U.S. adopted income taxes in 1913, federal tax legislation has been marked by two main but contradictory trends: periodic rises in tax rates and, at the same time, increasing tax exceptions for certain industries, organizations and individuals. The tax-reform bill adopted last month by the House of Representatives moves in quite the opposite direction, and those who stand to lose by it—among them Wall Street corporations, the oil industry, and universities and hospitals—have been deluging Washington with complaints. Last week, as the Senate Finance Committee began considering the measure, the Nixon Administration presented its own, less stringent tax recommendations, informing Congress that some of the House reforms and tax reductions go too far, too fast.

Considering the Administration's determination to make federal spending match federal income, it was hardly surprising that Treasury Secretary David Kennedy asked the Senate to cut in half the \$2.4-billion-a-year revenue loss foreseen in the House measure. Despite the rebellious mood of the nation's taxpayers, Secretary Kennedy recommended somewhat less relief for low- and middle-income individuals and families. In the most unexpected move of all, he asked that corporate income tax rates be reduced by 2 percentage points rather than increased or held at the current 52.8%. Nor would Kennedy move nearly so far as the House did in closing some controversial loopholes. In offering such a vulnerable package, President Nixon took a calculated risk. Though most of the changes would favor businessmen, who are certainly a powerful part of Nixon's political constituency, Administration strategists obviously figured that enough individual cuts remained so that the proposals would withstand political attack.

Bias Against Investment. The Administration's aim, Secretary Kennedy explained to a mostly hostile committee, is to counter the House bill's "bias against investment in favor of consumption." That favoritism, he complained, "could impede economic growth by curtailing the incentive to make productive investments." Accordingly, said Kennedy, Congress should cut taxes on individuals by only \$4.8 billion a year instead of \$7.3 billion, and the total corporate tax intake should rise by only \$3.5 billion instead of \$4.9 billion. "We simply do not know enough about the fu-

ture to commit ourselves" to any larger tax cuts, the secretary said.

As a part of its benefits for middle-income individuals, the House bill would reduce basic income tax rates enough to grant \$2.4 billion of relief after ten years and allow taxpayers who do not itemize deductions to take a standard maximum deduction of \$2,000, or 15% of their income. They are now allowed only 10%, or \$1,000. To allow the higher deduction, Kennedy said, would give an undesirable "double benefit" to middle-income tax-

the allowance has become the paramount symbol of tax favoritism. Kennedy scoffed at suggestions that the reduction might force most independent operators out of business.

On the other hand, he urged the Senate to relax the House provisions aimed at closing four other tax loopholes. For presently tax-exempt foundations, he proposed a 2% tax on investment income instead of the House's 7½% rate. He asked that the interest paid on municipal and state bonds remain tax-free; local officials insist that it would be extremely difficult to sell their bonds under House provisions that would make them partially taxable. Responding to protests by charitable institutions, Kennedy urged the Senate to drop House restrictions on the deductibility of certain donations.

Under intense pressure from the financial community, Kennedy proposed to water down the House's tough tax treatment of long-term capital gains. The House bill would scrap the maximum 25% tax rate on such gains and force investors to hold their stocks and other property for a year instead of six months to qualify for such favored treatment. Kennedy would retain the old rules, but limit the amount of gains to which they could be applied.

Political Trouble. The Administration's stand will unquestionably be popular with businessmen, but it guarantees political trouble. Several members of the Senate Finance Committee pounced on Kennedy's proposals. "You've taken \$1.7 billion from the average forgotten American and given it to the corporations," complained Indiana Democrat Vance Hartke. Though some of the Administration's proposals—notably its defense of investment incentives—may make good economic sense, many of them are likely to be doomed by their lack of popular appeal.



TREASURY SECRETARY KENNEDY

Not so far, not so fast.

payers. To avoid that, he would raise the standard maximum deduction only to 12%, or \$1,400. As for taxpayers near the poverty line, Kennedy proposed to give them tax relief at only \$920 million instead of the proposed \$2.7 billion a year by limiting "low-income allowances" in the House bill. Some 5,000,000 poor people who now pay taxes would still be excused from paying anything, Kennedy reckoned. Despite his proposal to cut the basic corporate income tax, Kennedy would keep most of the House bill's provisions that raise business taxes. The biggest such provision is the proposed elimination of the investment tax credit that now saves businesses \$2.7 billion a year.

Although President Nixon pledged during his campaign to keep the oil industry's depletion allowance at the present 27½%, Kennedy accepted the House decision to roll it back to 20%. In doing so, he tacitly recognized that

BANKING

Carefree Collapse

Who cares what banks fail in Yankers

Long as you've got a kiss that conquers?

—George and Ira Gershwin's *Who Cares*, 1931

Or what banks fail in Texas, as long as the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation protects us? That would be a fitting refrain these days in the Lone Star State, where five small, state-chartered banks have collapsed since April.* Their fatal maladies were, variously,

* There have been eight bank failures nationally for the year so far. The other three were in Michigan, Colorado and Illinois.

loose lending policies, lax management, land speculation, declining rural communities and, in one instance, alleged embezzlement. Perhaps it only reflects the new permissive attitude of the times, but Texas depositors have taken the closings with carefree jollity. Says Robbie Ferguson Jr., cashier and vice president of the failed Big Lake State Bank: "At first I was so embarrassed that I didn't come out of the house for two days. Then I got up the courage and came out, and everybody was laughing and joking about it."

The reason, of course, is that the F.D.I.C. guarantees all deposits of member banks up to \$15,000. Thus when the First State Bank of Aransas Pass (pop. 8,000) failed to open last week, the F.D.I.C. moved in with what by now has become a familiar operation to many Texans. The bank had speculated in land adjoining the site of a planned metallurgical plant, and lost heavily when the plant did not materialize. The price of failure was borne by First State's shareholders, who do not enjoy any Government protection and who suddenly found their \$860,000 of shares worth nothing. The F.D.I.C. sold the bank's remaining assets under sealed bids, and this week the bank will reopen under new ownership.

Matter of Trust. When the Citizens State Bank of Alvarado collapsed in April, the F.D.I.C.'s chore was somewhat more complicated. The federal agency is suing the bank's president, Jack Park, who has been mayor of the town since 1954, for \$512,000 that it says he embezzled. But the F.D.I.C. seems alone in taking offense. "I've never heard such nice things about me as people said after the trouble started," says Park. In fact, when the Pioneer and Old Settlers Association held its annual meeting last month, its members elected Park treasurer to guard the association's \$10,000 in cash.

No less trust attended the closings in Lovelady, a sleepy town in the piney woods of East Texas, and Big Lake, though there the faith was on the other side. The State National Bank of Lovelady (pop. 644) used to advertise that "we love people, particularly people to whom money is a mystery." President Jim Grady Waller lived up to his ads. "If a man needed money, Waller would give it to him, even if he didn't have collateral," says Mayor W. T. (for William Thomas) Bruton. "A man's word was good enough." The debtors still owe the F.D.I.C. but if they cannot pay, Washington will have to absorb the loss. "The bank understood the people," mourns Mayor Bruton, summing up what seems to be the prevailing philosophy of his town. "The inspectors just didn't understand the bank."

Pray for Rain. The inspectors were no more understanding at the First State Bank of Dodson, which simply followed that Panhandle community in decline, or at Big Lake, an oil and ranch town



INDIAN FARMER DISPLAYING IMPROVED QUALITY WHEAT
Plenty of crocks in the floor.

on the flatlands of West Texas, where billboards exhort passers-by to "pray for rain." Horace B. Rees, 64, president of the Big Lake State Bank, "let his heart overload his sense," as one customer says, and tried to lure industry to the town by loaning seed capital to dubious ventures. Big Lake, however, was deprived of banking services for only a week. Three groups bid for the charter, and a wealthy consortium of local oilmen and ranchers won out. Last week the new Reagan State Bank (named for the county) opened on the same premises with the same personnel—except for the overenthusiastic Rees and his two top officers.

COMMODITIES

The Wheat Price War

Almost half of the world's population is undernourished, and there is hunger even in the affluent U.S. Still, such a global surplus of wheat has piled up this year that producing nations are locked in a price war as they fight to get rid of their oversupply. The U.S., which allowed prices to sag last winter, has now reduced its wheat export prices three times within the past two months to counter cuts by Canada, Australia and France. The major wheat exporting nations are meeting this week in London, but despite their efforts, no agreement on a way to end the price cutting seems to be in sight.

A major reason for the glut is bumper crops resulting from good weather. On top of that, the major exporting nations, except the U.S., have expanded their wheat acreage. In Australia, for example, the amount of farm land devoted to wheat has doubled in the last five years. Improved technology and a new high-yield strain of dwarf wheat have greatly reduced the annual import needs of food-shy India and Pakistan. Both countries now expect to become

self-sufficient in wheat production by the mid-1970s.

No Storage. The emergence of new exporting nations makes the price of wheat more sensitive than ever to the harsh pressures of supply and demand. In 1961, when the world wheat glut reached a record 1 billion bushels, the surplus consisted exclusively of U.S. and Canadian produce stored at North American facilities. Today, surpluses are also piled high in Australia, Hungary, Bulgaria, the Soviet Union and Common Market countries. Most of the new exporters lack both the storage capacity and the inclination to retain their surpluses in order to stabilize world prices. As a result, the 1968 International Grains Arrangement, which was aimed at fixing minimum world prices, has all but collapsed.

The pact placed a price floor of \$1.73 a bushel on wheat traded internationally, as against the U.S. domestic support price of \$1.25 a bushel. As the negotiators ought to have foreseen, the high world price encouraged overproduction, some of it abetted by large Government subsidies. Price cutting broke out late last year. The U.S. in mid-July cut its export wheat prices by 12¢ a bushel, to \$1.55. At that point, the price war began in earnest.

Washington fears that the U.S. will soon be forced to make further price cuts in order to hang on to its traditional 40% share of the shrinking world market for wheat. If so, the chief losers will be U.S. taxpayers because more farmers will elect to unload their crop at the domestic subsidized price and the Government will have to pay the cost of storage until the wheat can be sold. The problem is likely to prove persistent. U.S. farm experts figure that the world supply of wheat has grown so large that even a serious drought in one or two countries would not wipe out the global surplus.



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CHARCOAL
MELLOWED



DROP



BY DROP

THE GAPS IN ECONOMIC INTELLIGENCE

EVERY week that passes without firm evidence of impending victory in the war against inflation intensifies the debate over the Nixon Administration's economic strategy. As the debate grows louder, it also grows more confused. Milton Friedman and other "monetarist" economists warn that the Federal Reserve Board may already have tightened credit enough to raise a threat of "severe economic contraction." A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany and Economist John Kenneth Galbraith insist that the restraints are ineffective and that only some form of wage and price control can slow price increases.

Nixon's men themselves seem increasingly unsure about whether their policy is working. Labor Secretary George Shultz said last week that if price rises do not slow markedly in another three or four months, the Administration may have to curb credit and spending still more. The President moved in that direction at week's end by ordering a 75% slash in federal spending on Government office buildings, rivers and harbors and flood-control projects.

The debate mirrors more than the deep differences in economic theory between, say, Friedman and Galbraith. Whatever theories they follow, the economists who are trying to analyze the current state of business from available statistics are something like the legendary three blind men who tried to find out what an elephant was like by feeling its trunk, legs and tail. The Government gathers some statistics in stupefying detail; many critics, for example, consider the myriad crop statistics published by the Agriculture Department to be a quixotic extrav-

agance. On the other hand, some key figures that might disclose how much inflationary pressure remains in the economy are not collected at all; others are sketchy and still others unreliable. "We assume a lot of information is available that would aid forecasting," says Bill Roberts, director of the Institute of Business and Economic Research at the University of California in Berkeley. "But when we go out to get it we find that it turns to mush."

Plea for Pity. Some of the most disputed figures are those on the growth of the nation's money supply. Washington's fundamental strategy for halting inflation is keyed to keeping that growth down. Federal Reserve statistics computed in the traditional manner show that the money supply, which is defined as cash in circulation plus demand deposits in commercial banks, has grown since the end of 1968 at a 1.5% annual rate, or 1% for the year so far. Under the prevailing theory that money supply controls economic growth, and ultimately price levels, that would seem gradual enough to portend a slowdown soon in the pace of inflation.

Last month, however, the Board decided to count as part of demand deposits the dollars that U.S. banks borrow overnight from their European branches. On that basis, the Board concludes that the money supply has actually been growing at a 3% annual rate—maybe, Paul W. McCracken, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, questions whether the Board has been making seasonal adjustments properly; he suspects that the money supply early this summer may have been growing more slowly than even the old figures would indicate. McCracken said recently to a group of



banking students: "If you find yourself a bit confused by all this, think of the plight of those who, having persuaded people that the rate of monetary and credit expansion is important, now find that they have surprisingly little idea of what that rate has been."

Economists have no firmer grasp of many potentially critical labor trends. They cannot gauge the severity of the labor shortages that are raising production costs by forcing businessmen to rely on untrained and inefficient workers. The Government collects no figures on job vacancies to match against its thorough reports on the number of workers unemployed. More surprising, no one really knows how rapidly wage costs are rising this year. The Government currently tallies only wage-and-benefit gains in union contracts covering 5,000 or more workers, and these contracts affect only 10% of the U.S. labor force. Fuller wage data is compiled only yearly, if that often, and it does not cover fringe benefits. No figures at all are collected on the pay of state or local government employees, although they make up a growing segment of the work force, and have won especially fat gains this year.

Extreme Revisions. Economists at least know that they do not know these things. Often what they regard as known facts turn out to be little more than guesses. "Most of the leading indicators [the economic statistics that are supposed to foreshadow general business trends] tend to be reported in a preliminary fashion and later revised on the basis of wider sampling," notes Berly Sprinkel, vice president of Chicago's Harris Trust & Savings Bank. "And the revisions can be extreme." Chairman



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PATHWAY PRODUCTS CORPORATION

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Gordon Metcalf of Sears, Roebuck complains that retail-sales figures, which store chains use to plan inventories and sales-promotion policies, are especially slippery. "For instance," he says, "on April 11, retail sales for March were announced as \$29.58 billion, a record and a substantial increase over February. On May 5, the March figure was revised to \$28.92 billion, a decrease rather than an increase from February."

Washington is moving to plug some of the gaps in U.S. economic intelligence. The Government now publishes a set of "defense indicators" designed to show the impact of military contracts on business activity. If such figures had been made public in 1965-66, they might have made it obvious that Lyndon Johnson was wrong in contending that the U.S. could finance the Viet Nam buildup without either inflation or a tax increase. The Labor Department plans to begin publishing figures on job vacancies by year's end, and Secretary Shultz is asking Congress for \$300,000—a minuscule sum, by Washington standards—to begin compiling statistics on the wages of state and local employees. Still, several large holes in federal figures will remain. Many economists believe that they need surveys of consumer spending intentions more frequent and complete than the quarterly soundings taken by the University of Michigan. If the Federal Reserve had known last fall that consumers would reduce their saving rather than their spending because of the surtax, it might not have loosened credit—a move that officials confessed poured gasoline on the fires of inflation.

Figures on construction are a notorious patchwork of approximations, especially where they purport to measure dollar volume, price indexes and productivity. The Government records the balance of payments—the key figure in gauging the international competitive strength of the U.S.—by two methods that sometimes yield wildly conflicting results. For the second quarter, one measure showed a deficit of \$3.8 billion, the other a surplus of \$1.2 billion. Officials think that neither was correct.

Imperfect Judgments. For all these defects, economists agree that U.S. business statistics are the best in the world. Still, the deficiencies are great enough to raise the question of how the economy is managed at all. The answer is plain enough: imperfectly. The key decisions are made by politicians and their aides, who must apply economic theory and political judgment to whatever figures are available. Sometimes they are right, as when President Kennedy decided in the early 1960s that a tax cut was needed to spur economic expansion. Sometimes they are wrong, as when President Johnson rejected a tax boost early in the Viet Nam war. And sometimes, as in December, when the Government finally got fiscal and monetary policy working together toward restraint, the right decisions are made—but too late to avoid considerable damage.

TRANSPORTATION

Barges That Cross the Ocean

Every business student learns in one of his first classes that shipping by water is the cheapest but also the slowest way to move goods. Only those who go on to become freight managers discover that the longest delays nowadays do not occur at sea. Dock congestion around the world has become so common that general cargo ships spend about half their time in port loading, unloading or just waiting—even when the docks are not shut down by a long-shoremen's strike.

Shipbuilders are now trying to speed things up by building vessels designed to carry loaded barges across the ocean. The idea is to bypass completely the

twice as large as the LASH barges. An elevator will descend from the SEEBEE's stern to a point below sea level, then lift two barges at a time to one of three deck levels, where they will be stored horizontally. General Dynamics is scheduled to deliver three SEEBEES to Lykes in late 1971 at a total cost (including 266 special barges) of \$111 million. The third barge ship, the *Stradler*, designed by New York Engineer Frank Broes, will be a catamaran that will cradle ten barges between its twin hulls. The motorized barges, each holding 12,000 tons of cargo, will sail in under their own power (through a bow door, sail out through a stern door. Broes' Stradler Ship Co. is negotiating to buy a shipyard to build these vessels.

Central Gulf and Lykes officials pre-



LASH BARGE-CARRYING SHIP
How to duck the docks.

crowded docks at deepwater ports. Cargo would be loaded on the barges at an inland U.S. river port and unloaded at another—which could be on a U.S. river system or in Europe or Asia. The arrangement is an outgrowth of the trend toward shipping goods overseas in factory-loaded containers. It overcomes several drawbacks inherent in containers, however, notably their need for costly special dock facilities.

Three types of barge-carrying ships are being developed. The *Acadia Forest*, the first of 13 LASH (for "lighter aboard ship") vessels now being built at a cost of about \$21.5 million each, is due to be put into operation by Central Gulf Steamship Corp. next month. The vessel will be able to carry 39,000 tons of cargo aboard 73 barges. Under plans devised by Jerome Goldman, a New Orleans marine architect, the barges will be hoisted out of the water by a giant shipboard crane and stored vertically in 14 bays on the LASH.

The SEEBEE of Lykes Corp. will carry only 38 barges, but they will be

died that their barge-carrying ships will pare the round-trip time on transatlantic voyages by half, to 30 days. Since transfers of cargo between barges and ocean-going ships will be eliminated, they also expect the vessels to cut shippers' breakage and pilferage costs, and to reduce the heavy investments many shippers must now make in warehouses and dock facilities.

A Role in Space. The advent of the new ships could turn many inland cities—Memphis, Nashville, Tulsa and Little Rock, for example—into ports where ocean cargo can be handled. Even towns on shallow rivers could get a crack at foreign commerce, since the average draft of a barge is only eight feet. Tulsa officials already plan to spend \$20 million in the next two years to build a port to be named Catoosa, from which they expect to ship oil field machinery destined for Europe. Arkansas grain distributors, who export 40% of the 100 million bushels of grain that the state produces annually, plan to switch from rail to barges in order to get the grain



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Illinois Central Railroad *Takes a load off your mind*

to New Orleans for the start of the ocean voyage. Some residents of northern Alabama even foresee a role for the barge ships in the U.S. space program. If a projected canal is built, they expect space vehicles made by Wernher von Braun's team at Huntsville to be floated by barge to Mobile, Ala. for ocean shipment to Cape Kennedy.

FRANCE

Strategy for Stability

The sudden devaluation of the franc last month won wide admiration as a model of deft financial maneuvering. But its ultimate success depends on the follow-through—whether or not France can curb inflation before the trade advantages of a cheaper franc are frittered away in rising prices. Last week, as Frenchmen returned to work after their August holiday, the Pompidou government greeted them with news of austerity to come. Finance Minister Valéry Giscard d'Estaing announced an attack on inflation that will employ nearly every fiscal and monetary weapon available to modern governments.

The goals he set—if achieved—could make France the envy of other nations. Moreover, he ambitiously promised to reach those goals in less than a year. They are: 1) a balanced budget by Jan. 1, 1970, 2) an "equilibrium" between consumption and production by April 1, and 3) an end to France's foreign-trade deficit by July 1.

Holding the Line. In appealing for national support to "win the battle of the franc," Giscard cautiously sought to avoid stirring anew the industrial strife that upset the government's economic plans during the student riots of 1968. In fact, the burden assigned to ordinary Frenchmen was relatively light and aimed primarily at restricting credit. Car buyers will have to put down 50% of the purchase price instead of the present 30% and pay off the remainder in 18 months instead of 21. For household appliances and furniture, the down payment will be 40%—up from 30%—and the term will be shortened from 18 months to 15. To encourage consumers to divert their money into savings accounts, interest rates will be raised from 4% to 6%.

A government pledge to hold the line on wages is far more likely to stir opposition. Giscard indicated that the government would try to hold wages to a 4% rise during negotiations next month, matching the increase so far this year in the cost of living. To sweeten the medicine—and partially disarm the opposition—the minister slightly eased the tax load and promised to raise family allowances for low-income groups, as well as to increase old-age pensions for everybody.

Businessmen received far less gentle treatment. The price freeze imposed with devaluation will be continued in slightly modified form. Bankers will now have to pay an "exceptional" tax on prof-

its, based on their increased earnings from checking-account deposits. Industries that depend on imports—which are more costly after devaluation—will be allowed to raise their prices only 0.6% this year and 1.25% in 1970. Any further increases will have to be announced a month in advance and negotiated with the government.

Government Example. Giscard suavely sought to appease industry by promising that the government would set an example of restraint. The 1969 deficit will be cut from \$1.26 billion to \$722 million, he vowed. Planned price increases by government-run gas and electricity utilities will be canceled. Military conscripts will be released a month early to swell the ranks of labor. And for the long term, the Finance Minister re-



GISCARD D'ESTAING

Success depends on the follow-through.

layed a pledge from Premier Jacques Chaban-Delmas: so long as he is in office, government spending will rise no faster than the gross national product.

The new austerity, Giscard promised grandly, will "finally make France into a model industrial state," with a "regime of permanent price stability." Perhaps so, but next morning the franc dropped slightly on the Paris exchange, reaching its lowest level since devaluation—a reflection of skepticism among international money men that the measures go far enough. The crux of the government's program lies in persuading the unions to accept a 4% wage gain when prices have risen 8% since the last wage settlements in June 1968. France's largest union, the Communist-dominated General Confederation of Labor, has already rejected the government proposition. As a hedge against further erosion of the franc, Paris has already lined up \$2.5 billion in new international credits to resist any speculative ruin.

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CINEMA

NEW MOVIES

Two Dead Spirits Out of Three

The credentials are impressive. Federico Fellini, Louis Malle and Roger Vadim, each directing a brace of international superstars in a loose adaptation of a Poe story, seem to promise one of the better anthology films. But the ads have something else in mind: "Edgar Allan Poe's ultimate orgy of evil and unbearable horror!" they shriek, conjuring up images of a dawn-to-dusk scare show at the local drive-in. Obviously the distributors were afraid of something—probably the spooks that *Spirits of the Dead* promises but never actually delivers.

The first episode, *Metzengerstein*, is something of a family affair. Jane Fonda, under the direction of her husband Vadim, dashes about the medieval countryside in none too maidenly pursuit of her brother Peter, who looks lost without his Harley-Davidson. Peter and Jane play the sole descendants of two feuding families, a fact that only adds zest to Jane's passion. In a singular frenzy, she burns down Peter's stable while Peter is still inside trying to save his favorite horse. The horse lives, but Peter perishes. Unfazed, Jane gets hung up on his black stallion. It's all terribly kinky, with Peter in his leather pants, Jane in her *Story of O* décolletage, and the stallion with his quivering nostrils and muscular flanks—a pornographic *My Friend Flicka*.

William Wilson, the second episode, comes as something of a relief: almost anything would. Louis Malle (*The Thief of Paris*) works some interesting cinematic variations on Poe's classic *Doppelgänger* story, but Alain Delon and

Brigitte Bardot seem, to put it gently, out of place. The kinetic opening, with Delon running desperately down the street trying to escape from his own suicide, conjures up a proper air of terror that the rest of the vignette cannot sustain.

It is the third episode that keeps *Spirits* alive. *Never Bet the Devil Your Head* is Federico Fellini's first film since *Juliet of the Spirits*, and it is a 40-minute excursion across the surreal landscape of his boundless imagination. *Never* centers on a washed-up Shakespearean actor named Toby Dammit (Terence Stamp) who has come to Rome to star in "the first Catholic Western." He is haunted by his own self-contempt and haunted by a vision of a corrupt cupid from hell, a devil in crinoline (Marina Yaru), who appears before him bouncing a large and somehow ominous white ball. At the end, Toby terminates his pilgrimage and turns himself into a final sacrifice to Satan.

This is familiar Fellini territory, but the maestro has added a few more flamboyant turns of the screw. His camera swoops through the Rome airport during Toby's arrival, catching glimpses of bizarre travelers bathed in demonic orange light, their bodies contorted into poses that are parodies of reality. Indeed, there is almost too much in *Never* for a short film. Fellini's sometimes prodigal genius threatens to overwhelm the story, which he apparently agreed to do only on the advice of his astrologer. But even to such journeyman projects, Fellini brings the kind of stylistic pretidgitation that has made him one of the world's greatest film makers.

DIRECTORS

Petronius, 20%; Fellini, 80%

There's an enormous platter of five black eels in an inky sauce, and that's only the hors d'oeuvres. As the guests seat themselves at the banquet, their hostess urinates in a silver chamber pot. Slaves stumble over garbage-strewn floors bearing trays of delicacies from some gastronomic apocalypse: a white calf wearing a brass helmet, cows' udders swim in a mucid green sauce. It is a picnic in the best traditions of ancient Rome and Federico Fellini, designed and executed for *Satyricon*, his first full-length film in four years. It may be the most glorious bacchanal in the history of the cinema. At its opening last week at the Venice Film Festival, that promise seemed to be fulfilled. The normally reserved press corps gave the film a five-minute ovation, and the first-night audience wove equally wide-eyed. Wrote one critic: "*Satyricon* is like an Atlantis that has emerged from the deepest roots of the soul to mark the return of Fellini."

As in *Spirits of the Dead*, Fellini used the original source only as inspirational



FELLINI AT WORK

A few more flamboyant turns of the screw.

material. The *Satyricon* of Petronius Arbiter was a pornographic satire written by Nero's whoremonger, a raucous tale of two worldly youths moving through the decaying strata of Roman society. Fellini lifted all of the characters but just a single episode from the book. The result, announces the director with a characteristically immodest shrug, "is about 20% Petronius and 80% Fellini."

The book has been on his mind for 30 years. In 1939 he attempted to stage it as an anti-Fascist parody. But Fellini scholars who enjoy tracing autobio-



MARINA YARU IN "SPIRITS": Corrupt cupid from hell.

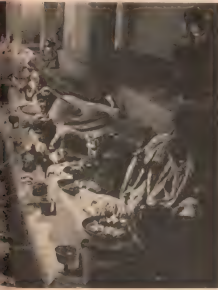


BANQUET IN Science fiction

graphical ghosts through the master's films may find that *Satyricon* is a dead end. "This is my most tiring film," Fellini admitted after completing a hectic three months of editing. "It is more anguishing than *La Dolce Vita* because that had reality. *Satyricon* is made from an unknown point of view. I have invented everything myself, a universe out of my mind. There is nothing where I recognize myself. If anything, it is a kind of auto-destruction." Novelist-Critic Alberto Moravia recognized some of the old Fellini trademarks however: monstrous old people, perverse youth populating "an antique world in which decadence and death gradually drown and destroy the senses."

Relevant Antiquity. Fellini and Cinematographer Giuseppe Rotunno (who also shot *Toby Dammit*) used tons of smoke, incense and cement dust to reproduce a sense of murky antiquity. Yet there is little doubt that, in scenes like the death of a patrician couple who prefer suicide to inevitable political assassination, Fellini is attempting to render this vast fresco as a giant metaphor for the 1960s. "If Petronius' work is a full-blooded description of the atmosphere of those times," Fellini admits, "the film that I adapted from it is a panorama, an allegorical satire of our present-day world. It is a science-fiction film projected into the past, not the future, a journey into the unknown. But it is not an erotic picture."

Perhaps not, but it is already a sensational one. Although American audiences will have to wait until winter to see *Satyricon*, the Venice showing was so wildly popular that festival tickets, normally 2,000 lire (\$3.20), were being sold on the black market at 60,000 lire (about \$100) apiece. "Well," Fellini explained gleefully, "I think that every Italian is a pagan at heart."



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BOOKS

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND RELATIVES by Gerald Durrell. 248 pages. Viking. \$5.95.

Naturalist Gerald Durrell's boyhood memoir, *My Family and Other Animals*, delighted nearly everyone except his family. The book started as a report on the beginning of young Gerald's lifelong fascination with the animal world. The family, however, kept getting in the way. "It was only with the greatest difficulty," Durrell confessed, "and by exercising considerable cunning, that I managed to retain a few pages here and there which I

such episodes, customarily avoiding the smug coyness that tends to afflict family anecdotalage as a genre. But the boy who grew into a topflight zoologist was always slightly more interested in the doings of four-legged animals than two. At picnics, he was absorbed, not annoyed, by flies and ants. His endless hours of watching in the fields and at the edge of the sea were rewarded by such wonders as the sight of two snails mating. Sidling up side-to-side, each fired out a small white dart on a slender rope that thunked into the side of the other; then some internal winch slowly pulled the ropes in until the snails

he could explain the attachment. "Explain?" his brother Larry exploded. "Explain? How do you explain a bloody great bear in the drawing-room?" If you happen to be Durrell, you can explain—enchantly.

Croutons in the Soup

THE FRENCH: PORTRAIT OF A PEOPLE by Sanche de Gramont. 479 pages. Putnam. \$7.95.

With all their faults, wrote French Poet Charles Péguy, God loves the French best. It would be hard to prove Péguy wrong. Still, one wonders whether even the deity can understand his favorites. Witness the recent miscalculation of their mood by Charles de Gaulle, who presumed himself to be modern France incarnate. The challenge of trying to explicate such a capricious, restive and magnificently wrongheaded people is always strong. It has been stimulated lately by what the French discreetly call "the events" of May-June 1968 as well as by the general's abrupt departure.

Most authors approach the subject of France inductively, offering, like a Parisian *épicerie*, small, spicy dabs of this and that so that the whole, though piquant, is rarely filling. In one sense, Sanche de Gramont writes in the same vein. Tidbits of throwaway intelligence pop to the surface of his book like croutons in a steaming onion soup. The word *bourgeois* first appeared (as *burgensis*) in a 1407 charter establishing the free city of Loches. As a result of Versailles banquets, Louis XIV's stomach was found at his death to be twice normal size. The French Foreign Ministry spends \$4,000,000 annually in secret funds, allegedly on payoffs. President Georges Pompidou pays rent on his Ile Saint-Louis apartment to the Rothschilds, who bought it for him when he lacked the cash. Sometimes a colorful morsel proves slippery—those famous chestnuts that, according to the author, canopy Cours Mirabeau in Aix-en-Provence are plane trees.

Codified Concierges. But Gramont, a French count by birth and a Pulitzer-prizewinning journalist by trade (via Yale and the New York *Herald Tribune*), is really offering a well-packaged literary supermarket. His hope, clearly, is that readers in need of predigested fact and opinion should search no farther. Furnished with a vast array of knowledge—much of it the result of his French secondary-school education—he includes generous helpings of statistics, history, philosophy and lore.

Those who want to divine why French public administration is a marvel of codified precision and bureaucratic bungling will find 61 pages on the subject. There they will learn about the schools that produce the French Establishment, quirks of the Code Civil, the ratio of policemen per capita (one for every 347 people) and the 1949 decree that governs a concierge's weekly cleaning of a courtyard, "devoting one minute and a



DURRELL & HAIRY ARMADILLO
Four legs were better.

could devote exclusively to animals." Then, when it was finished, his relatives ragged him for leaving out all the really funny family stories. Obligingly, Durrell set to work to make amends.

Birds, Beasts and Relatives, the just published result, is neither sequel nor second volume. It is the very same book, except that all the anecdotes and incidents are different. Durrell's five boyhood years on the Greek island of Corfu are recalled with the same sense of a sun-drenched idyl as before. The Durrell mythology is broadened to include the story of how a foul-mouthed old sea captain proposed to Durrell's mother. One learns of "Gerry's" visit to Corfu's countess, a dotty and rotund old party who forced him to share a six-course lunch climaxed by a whole wild boar. There are inevitable references to the boat-scuttling yachtmanship of Eldest Brother Larry (now better known as the author of *The Alexandria Quartet*).

Durrell dutifully and deftly relates

were lashed tightly together for 15 minutes of lovemaking.

The young Durrell saw death too. The crisp horror of a tarantula killing a newly hatched bird is as vivid in his prose as it must have been to the quivering boy. "The spider drew the quivering baby to him and sank his long, curved mandibles into its back. The baby gave two minute, almost inaudible squeaks as it writhed briefly in the hairy embrace of the spider. The poison took effect, and then the spider turned and marched off, the baby hanging limply from his jaws." Happily, Durrell refrains from following this description with a bloodless dissertation on the importance of nature's balance. He is far too humane not to have been on the side of the bird. Indeed one of his most endearing traits is his capacity to react to animals as he would to people. Animals seem to find it endearing too. Like the bear who cheerfully followed Durrell home one afternoon, Gerry's long-suffering mother was sure that

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half per square meter for the first forty meters and thirty seconds per square meter for the remaining surface."

France is much in thrall to its own version of the heroic past. Accordingly, Gramont invokes, analyzes and denigrates Jules Michelet, the great French Romantic historian whose writings helped to "create" France's epic past. When Gramont describes French intellectual life, he gives a useful though jaundiced look at Descartes, including his life and times, his seminal *Discours de la Méthode* and the Freudian analysis of the philosopher's three dreams, which symbolized the difficulty of understanding the universe.

The De Gaulle era ended as the book was being completed. Gramont credits the general with transforming the office of President and getting the French into the stabilizing habit of hav-

ing stirred by De Gaulle in the U.S., Gramont often takes the peevish tone of a first-generation American trying to assert his patriotism by knocking the backward "old country." He even feels obliged, for instance, in a book on France, to defend Americans from French charges of naïveté, "whereas politically, the French are chronically immature." The result is a remarkable literary creation—a knowledgeable book about France that manages to be decidedly unpleasant.

Shear Drama

THE PROMISE by Chaim Potok. 358 pages. Alfred Knopf. \$6.95.

Several years ago a rather unlikely candidate rose like cream to the top of the fiction list. Rabbi Chaim Potok's first novel, *The Chosen*, never alluded to sex. It was a wholesome chronicle about the making of a rabbi, built around a single unforgettable baseball game between two Brooklyn Yeshivas. Though the telling was often crude, the tale itself was brief and poignant.

Much of the credit for the Cinderella publishing story goes to Robert Gottlieb, then the editorial genie in residence at Simon & Schuster, now the mavin at Alfred Knopf. Gottlieb not only touched the book with his fine promotional wand but trimmed it with his sharp office shears. The original manuscript ambled on for some 800 pages, carrying its two 15-year-old adolescent heroes, Reuven and Danny, into their post-college maturities. Gottlieb pared and pruned the first section, then offered it as a complete novel.

What Gottlieb did not do, alas, was retire the rest of the manuscript for good to a bottom drawer. A sizable chunk of it, apparently, is now being offered as *The Promise*. Whereas *The Chosen's* parochialism had built-in ventilating qualities, *The Promise's* provincialism is hothouse and stultifying. Unctuousness is mistaken for urgency. The plot resembles nothing less than a product of Rokeach—the kosher soap.

Breathless Climax. When we last left the two boys, the bespectacled Reuven had decided to become a rabbi and the earloaked Danny had opted for a career in psychology. In the current episode, Reuven befriends an iconoclastic Jewish scholar, Abraham Gordon, and his 14-year-old schizophrenic son Michael. For this, Reuven is threatened with the denial of his rabbinical ordination by a loyalty-oath-seeking Orthodox professor at his seminary. At the same time he invokes Danny's aid in the treatment of the schizophrenic. Danny prescribes a most unorthodox form of shock therapy for the boy: complete isolation. The climax of the novel involves the answering of the breathless questions: Will Reuven get his rabbinical degree? Will Danny be able to cure Michael after all?

But the real question, of course, is: how much more of the original manu-

script is still threatening us from Robert Gottlieb's drawer? "All beginnings are difficult," Potok quotes the midrash. Too true. For some writers, knowing when to stop is even more difficult.

Crabwise Toward Death

THE COST OF LIVING LIKE THIS by James Kennaway. 199 pages. Atheneum. \$5.95.

This is a hard little book about dying. A man, fairly young and partly regretful, lives his death neither badly nor well, and for a time his dying makes some difference to a few people. His death is not tragedy or comedy but a process: it will happen, then it is happening, and then, with no decent, grassy place marking the flow of time, it is merely something that happened.

Julian is an English economist in his



SANCHE DE GRAMONT

Reflections in a jaundiced eye.

ing a strong executive. De Gaulle's towering presence also enabled Frenchmen to forget their defeats and concentrate on raising their standard of living. "Gaulism" continues, Gramont says, as the general's sturdy invention.

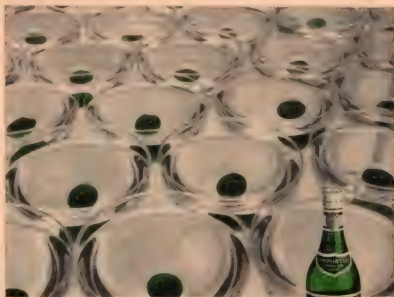
When it comes to summing up the people themselves, the author is quick to admit that "statements about the French tend to cancel each other out." The problem is further complicated by Gramont's own lack of sympathy for his compatriots, a perverse need to take a slightly surly view of nearly every aspect of French life. He does rise to a rare lyricism on the subject of French cuisine: "There is the same mysterious gap between the musical scale and a Debussy prelude as between an egg and a soufflé." But his assessment of French womanhood is more typical. After an extended look at that exalted institution, Gramont, whose wife is American, suddenly concludes: "Other women are more gracious and natural because they are less demanding." Seemingly attuned to the recent wave of anti-French feel-



JAMES KENNAWAY

A cold, unblinking stare.

middle 30s—or has been one, since economics can describe only the past or the future and his attention has been sharpened down to pain's single vivid dimension, the present. He shelters a crab: cancer. The effort of concentrating properly on the crab's requirements makes him weave and shake like a drunk. He is not a drunk; alcohol cannot touch the pain or the concentration that balances it. When the pain becomes so demanding that there is no awareness left to walk with, though, Julian stops at a bar. The barman is deft and quick. To a man who has no past or future to dilute its importance, this skill is wonderful. "The economist wanted to give the barman forty pounds," Kennaway writes. "He was carrying more than that. He wanted to shake the banknotes over the bar and let them drop amongst the tonics and beers like leaves. He put down a pound only and shoved the rest back in some pocket. The pain had been worse than this, a lot worse." Julian is on his way to see his mistress—and that fact is another kind of bad



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joke. She is a simple, lost, physical girl still in her teens, with no past herself and, so far, little sign of a future. Julian has a wife, not a bad woman or a good one, but disease has pared away his talent for complication; he can no longer thread through the subtle caterings and cozenings of marriage. So, when death comes, it seems to strike a just and dreary balance.

Kennaway's view of life itself is crabbed: the cost of living like this, he suggests, is dying like that. Within its own well-blinkered range, the view is coldly accurate, a gloomy midpoint assessment by a gifted 40-year-old Scots writer (one of whose notable early accomplishments was *Tunes of Glory*). The gloom is deepened by the reader's knowledge that Kennaway died in an automobile accident late last year, not long after finishing this sixth novel.

Vaulting Ambition

THE BIG LITTLE MAN FROM BROOKLYN
by St. Clair McKelway. 193 pages. Houghton Mifflin. \$4.95.

He was born in a little red brick two-story house in Brooklyn on November 25, 1890, the eldest son of a moderately successful real estate broker. It was thought that he might become a diplomat, or a doctor or lawyer. But the boy had the ravenous ambition of a restless Renaissance man: he decided to become all three.

Impossible dream? Perhaps. But during his lifetime the man known as Stanley Clifford Weyman was feted as the U.S. Consul General to Algiers, highly praised as Silent Star Pola Negri's private physician and duly appointed Special Deputy Attorney General of New York. In addition—among countless other achievements—he helped handle the arrangements for Rudolph Valentino's celebrated funeral, once addressed a medical convention on "psychiatric treatment in prison institutions" and managed to be received at the White House as an interpreter assigned to a visiting princess from Afghanistan.

Rudy Sent Me. How did Stanley do it? By dint of good old-fashioned cheating. Often an item in a newspaper served as his source of inspiration. He never altered his face: he merely changed his history and his costume. Then he proceeded to act, always seeming so trustworthy, so professionally knowledgeable that few would have dreamed of challenging him.

During the preparations for the Valentino funeral in 1926, Stanley blew into the Hotel Ambassador carrying a little bag. He knocked at the suite of Valentino's bereaved lover, Pola Negri, told the maid he was a physician and introduced himself to Miss Negri as a close friend of Valentino's. "Rudy would have wanted me to take care of you, my dear," Miss Negri later reported his saying. "You are very thoughtful," she replied.

Indeed, so well did Stanley perform

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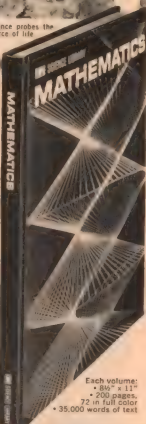
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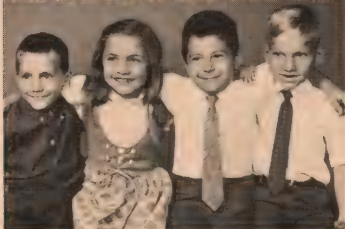
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Hippocratically—dispensing a few comforting words here, a couple of aspirins there—that Miss Negri insisted upon keeping him on even after his sham was exposed. He was, she said, the best doctor she had ever had.

But Weyman was not inclined toward long-playing roles. He found that a succession of new impersonations made the most stimulating demands on his talent. If he had never piloted a plane, for example, how much sweeter the triumph of posing before fawning New York crowds as a returning aeronautical hero. He could not read a word in *Le Figaro*, but he came on convincingly as a French navy lieutenant named Royal St. Cyr.

Unforgiving Foe. Stanley rarely pursued his imposture for personal gain or money. His was a relatively pure art.



WEYMAN (FAR RIGHT) AS NAVAL OFFICER
A fortune in brass.

But his escapades brought him face to face with an unforgiving foe: society. He spent a good deal of time in prisons and mental hospitals as a parole violator and certified manic-depressive. But wardens and doctors, like everyone else who came in contact with him, were completely captivated.

Ironically, his life ended on a muted but genuinely heroic note. In his late 60s, Weyman finally abandoned—or conquered—his artistic impulses and went to work as a night manager in a Yonkers motel. There, on the night of August 27, 1960, after a year on the job, he was shot to death bravely trying to foil a hold-up attempt.

Weyman's chronicle and the handful of other tales included in the book are all what journalism schools used to call human interest stories. In telling about people, however, St. Clair McKelway scrupulously avoids confusing the knack of self-expression with the act of self-intrusion. He might be called an old-fashioned journalist—if he did not so often manage to sound so refreshingly new.

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